

Stories of Beautiful Hymns

Stories of Beautiful Hymns

by
Kathleen Blanchard
Author of *Stories of Popular Hymns*
and *Stories of Favorite Hymns*

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F O R E W O R D
by
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Canon of St. John's Cathedral
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PREFACE

*And when they had sung an hymn,
they went out into the mount of Olives.*
MATT. 26:30.

The response to the publication of the first two books in this series has been so gratifying that I have been tempted to present this third book which contains a number of well-known hymns.

K. B.

FOREWORD

The writing and singing of hymns appears to be an essential accompaniment to every form of religion. It is a natural tendency of mankind to give expression to his religious emotions through hymns and religious poetry. Indeed, hymns can well be described as the theology of the common people. For they are seldom written by theologians or great divines. Most often they are written by those who have found God in the common ways of life, and they are the direct outcome of some personal experience.

It is perhaps for this reason that they have so great an influence upon the religious life of the community and an appeal so far beyond the confines of the church-going population. Many a person who has forgotten all the sermons he ever heard and who has become a stranger to all forms of organized religion has found comfort and solace, in a crisis or calamity, in a verse of a hymn remembered and loved from early childhood.

Hymns have also a great unifying influence, particularly among Christian people. Forms of worship may divide us, doctrines may separate us, but we are drawn together in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The hymns which we know and love were written by members of many different branches of the Christian Church. They bridge the gap between the ages and heal the breaches between denominations. For while there are grievous divisions among us, yet we are one in the praise of God and in our personal experience of His love.

We owe a great debt to Mrs. Blanchard for the compilation of this little book. For how little we know even about the hymns we sing most often and love most dearly! We see them in our hymnbooks and we take them very much for granted. Surely, we use them with deeper meaning and richer understanding when we realize that each one has its own story and background and is born of the experience of some saint of God. As we read the history of some

Ancient Office Hymn gleaned from the rich experience of one of the Early Fathers, or the story of the Carol of the Northern Lights linking us up with one of the youngest and most romantic churches of Christendom, we become conscious of our fellowship in that multitude which no man can number, of all nations, kindreds, peoples and tongues, who have discovered with the Psalmist that "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto the name of the Most Highest."

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ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES

In the year 1607 there was born to burgomaster Gerhardt of Grayenia, Saxony, a son. He was called Paul.

He grew up amidst the unhappiness and hardships of the Thirty Years' War. Consequently he was somewhat older than the average when he became a student for the Lutheran ministry.

While acting as a tutor in a family at Berlin, he fell in love with the daughter of the house. He was then forty-five. After their marriage, they went to live at Mittenwalde where he was appointed pastor, and here it was that many of his hymns were written. These hymns were soon taken from one place to another, until all Saxony was singing them.

Then, in 1664, the King (William I) wished to bring some peaceful solution to the friction between the Reformed and Lutheran churches. Gerhardt was deeply rooted in Lutheran traditions, and could not bring himself to compromise. So the king sent forth a decree which forbade freedom of speech. To this verdict Gerhardt did not conform, and he was deposed from office.

Then came a long time of unemployment, very small means, and hard circumstances. After four years or so he was forgiven and appointed Archdeacon of Lubben. But the unhappiness of the past years had been too much for his domestic happiness—his wife's nerves had given way.

During the rest of Paul Gerhardt's life, unhappiness dogged his steps. He died at the age of sixty-nine. Gerhardt was a worthy successor of the great Luther, for he was known as a hymn-writer; all Germans sang his hymns, which gave lasting inspiration to those who loved them—and who will continue to do so in generations to come.

We owe the translation of this Christmas carol to Miss Winkworth.

All my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest Angel-voices;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from woe and danger!
 Brethren, come! from all that grieves you,
 You are freed;
 All you need
 I will surely give you."

Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder!
 Love Him who with love is yearning!
 Hail the star,
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning!

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee,
 And with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish;
 But shall dwell with Thee forever,
 Far on high,
 In the joy
 That can alter never.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

As a boy, James Montgomery had a stormy time. Born in 1771 at Irvine, Ayrshire, he had early to fend for himself, for both his mother and father—who were missionaries in the West Indies—died there when James was still an infant.

It was his parents' wish to train their son in the Moravian Settlement, but after a trial of this educational institution in Yorkshire, he ran away and did not return.

After several jobs, first at one place, then at another, he settled for a time at a store in Rotherham. Here he was happy and wrote verse to fill a volume—but not one line could he get published!

In 1794 he secured a position on a newspaper at Sheffield (the "Sheffield Iris"). There he stayed permanently, and became its editor.

Montgomery's writings were numerous. He wrote stirring articles against the slave trade, which in that day was a live political issue. He was imprisoned in York Castle (the Gaol) for seditious libel, but this did not disturb his spirit. For it was here, as he relates, that God spoke to his heart. And his heart was with the poor slaves of the West Indies, for whose cause he worked untiringly.

In 1807 he had the joy of seeing the abolition of the African slave trade. He wrote a poem to celebrate the occasion—"The West Indies"—with a foreword from Philemon: 15, 16. ". . . receive him forever; not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved . . ."

Montgomery's hymns have a glow of evangelical sentiment, with exquisite rhythm and expression. Many of them were first printed in his paper. This beautiful carol was published in the "Sheffield Iris" December 24, 1811.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations,
 Ye have seen His natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Though an infant now we view him,
 He shall fill His Father's throne,
 Gather all the nations to Him;
 Every knee shall then bow down:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

AS PANTS THE HART

The seventeenth-century poet Nahum Tate was in his early twenties when he left his native Dublin and traveled to England. Most of his life he was to live in London.

When he had been in London a little while, Tate was introduced to Dryden, who took a liking to the young Irish poet. They became friends, and the older man allowed Tate to help him with the work he was then doing, "Absalom and Achitophel"!

People liked Nahum Tate, with his ready wit and easy Irish manner. He made influential friends who later in life helped to gain for him the honor of Poet Laureate.

Early in 1696 Tate met a musician, Dr. Nicholas Brady, with whom he joined forces; soon hymns and music from their joint pens were made public.

Their great work was "The New Version of the Psalms," which appeared under sanction of an Order-in-Council of William III "allowing and permitting its use in all such churches and chapels as should think fit to receive it."

Many famous men were contemporaries of Tate in London. Grinling Gibbons (whose mother was Dutch) beauti-

fied many churches in London with his wood-carving, churches that his friend, Sir Christopher Wren, built.

Later on, Tate's life was overshadowed by debts. He lived in fear of a debtors' prison. Came the time when he was warned by friends that a warrant was out for his arrest. He fled to the Mint, a refuge for debtors (even as the Sanctuary was once a refuge for outlaws). So long as he stayed within the prescribed boundaries he was safe.

Tate lived for three years in this confined space. His health and spirits failed, and he died there in 1715, aged seventy-six.

The hymn here given was one of the first that came from the joint pens of Tate and Brady. It has remained in most of the hymnbooks and is beloved by all denominations.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

AT THE NAME OF JESUS

How true it is that the church has come singing down the ages, and that the highest emotions of the soul have been expressed in the Church's hymns written by people of all denominations and race, old and young.

One of our well-known hymns had a curious background. The authoress, Caroline Maria Noel, was the daughter of an

Anglican rector, Canon, the Hon. Gerard Noel. Her life was passed chiefly in the beautiful countryside within reach of London, where her father often went to the various church meetings held there from time to time.

When Caroline was seventeen she felt that she ought to take a share in church work whilst her father was away. On one occasion she had a surprise awaiting his return—her first effort at writing a hymn!

During the next three years she wrote other things at intervals—including some sacred poems; but after she was twenty, she entirely gave up writing. Twenty years passed; Caroline once again took up her pen. But after a few months she forsook pen and paper as before.

Then twenty more years passed. Caroline Noel was now sixty. She had not married. Her happy care-free life in the country when a girl was now only a memory. One day she was reading the passage in the Bible from Phil. 2:5-11, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus . . . That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

A sudden impulse seized her to get pencil and paper and put down the words she felt impelled to write. This famous hymn was the inspiration of her life-time. Caroline Noel never wrote again.

At the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light.
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it,
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour;
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again
With His Father's glory;
With His angel-train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

AWAY IN A MANGER

It was Martin Luther, son of a poor man, who made the singing of hymns popular in Germany. So he came to be known as the father of congregational singing. The town of Wittenburg, where Luther was buried, honors no ancient name more than that of the man on whose tomb are enshrined his own words—"A mighty Fortress is our God."

Luther was a most affectionate father. Nothing gave him greater happiness than for the family to gather round

him while he taught them to sing—the youngest one, little Hans, on his mother's lap. In Leipzig there is a lovely picture of Luther seated with his wife and five children.

Martin Luther took every opportunity to train his children, while they were young, to think for themselves. He would use natural incidents to illustrate his meaning. It was his Master's method too.

One evening he called the family to the window to see a bird perching itself on a branch for the night. He exclaimed, "That little bird has chosen its shelter, and is about to go to sleep in tranquility; it has no disquietude, neither does it consider where it shall rest tomorrow night, but it sits in peace on that slender bough, leaving it to God to provide for its wants."

Both words and music of this delightful Christmas Carol are thought to have been written by Luther for his little son, Hans, one Christmas eve.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky looked down when he lay
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
And stay by my bedside till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

Andrew Clephane, sheriff of Fife, Scotland, was very proud of his three daughters, but especially of Elizabeth, who, when he was absent from home, would tell him news in a poem letter.

While the children were still young the family moved to the romantic abbey town of Melrose, steeped in the traditions of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

After their parents' death, the three sisters continued to live there in the family residence, Bridge End House. The whole of their lives was spent at this noted border-town.

Elizabeth's special delight was in poetry. She became a well-known contributor to the local paper.

One day the editor of the "Children's Hour" wrote, inviting her to contribute a poem to his magazine. Elizabeth wanted to do this very much. As she sat in her room pondering over what she could write, she glanced out of the window which faced the bridge near-by. (Scott mentioned this bridge in his novel "The Abbot"). As she gazed, before her eyes the shadowy figures of the monks from the Abbey seemed to her imagination to be passing over the bridge in a never-ending stream, their feet treading the very same path over the tumbling waters of the river that her own feet trod daily. She felt a premonition that ere long she too would join the great procession.

Her mind was made up. There was only one way—the way of the cross of Christ. There and then she penned the words of the hymn. A little time afterwards, at the age of thirty-seven, she died.

It was Ira D. Sankey who set the words to music and made the hymn famous. Sankey happened to be staying with Dr. Barnardo. He was to conduct a week's mission at Bow Road, East end of London. Although it was early in the morning, quite a crowd had gathered to hear the famed evangelist from America. Mr. Sankey opened the meeting with this hymn, to the tune that he had composed over night.

So marked was its effect on the audience, and such was its speaking message, that Ira D. Sankey chose it as his favorite hymn at these services.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.
O blessed shelter from the storm,
The sinner's sure retreat;
O trysting-place, where heavenly love,
And heavenly justice meet.

There lies beyond the shadow
 Upon the farther side
 The darkness of an awful pit
 That opens deep and wide;
 But, lo, between there stands the Cross,
 Of Him Who died to save
 With His own life-blood my lost soul
 From that eternal grave.

O Christ, beneath that shadow,
 Be my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of Thy face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 And count its gain but loss;
 This sinful self my only shame
 My only hope the Cross.

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING

Samuel Wolcott was born at South Windsor, Connecticut, July 2, 1813. He was educated at Yale, going on later to Andover Theological Seminary, 1837. After his graduation he went to Syria, filled with missionary zeal.

After a time he returned to America and served churches in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and elsewhere. The Ohio Home Missionary Society was pleased to have his wise co-operation as their secretary. He retired to Longmeadow, Massachusetts, where he died at the age of seventy-three.

Wolcott wrote many hymns, all of them late in life. Many have never been published. The best known is, perhaps, the one given. The author records how it came to be written:

"The Young Men's Christian Association of Ohio met in one of our churches with their motto in evergreen letters over the pulpit, 'Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.' This suggested the hymn 'Christ for the world we sing.' It was on the way home from that service I composed the hymn."

It may be found in certain American collections, as well as in "Laudes Domini," 1884.

“Christ for the world” we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn.
Whom Christ doth heal.

“Christ for the world” we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

“Christ for the world” we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ the Lord.

“Christ for the world” we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error’s ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

Jane Eliza Leeson was born in London, England, 1807. From girlhood she was a member of the Catholic Apostolic church, for which she worked untiringly.

Her tastes were literary and poetic. She brought out numerous books, chiefly for children, and also “Paraphrases and Hymns” for congregational singing.

Miss Leeson had a singular way of composing some of her many hymns. For instance, when she was about 35, she was taking part in a service at Bishopsgate Church, London. During a quiet interval, her voice suddenly spoke, as though compelled by some force within. Slowly but

clearly the first line was delivered; then a long pause, and the second line was slowly transmitted; and so on, until the hymn was finished. Her friends maintained that it was in this manner that many of her hymns came into being and were written down by members of the same church at the time of inspiration.

Her hymns were nearly all for young people. We have two which are frequently used. They are "Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep," and "Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day." Both are favorites with the young.

After almost a life-time given to the Catholic Apostolic church, Miss Leeson joined the church of Rome, and died in that communion, 1882, aged seventy-five.

This hymn was translated from an old Latin hymn of the 10th century, author not known.

Christ the Lord is risen today;
 Christian, haste your vows to pay;
 Offer ye your praises meet
 At the Paschal Victim's feet.
 For the sheep, the Lamb hath bled,
 Sinless in the sinner's stead;
 "Christ is risen," today we cry:
 Now He lives no more to die.

Christ the Victim undefiled,
 Man to God hath reconciled;
 Whilst in strange and awful strife
 Met together Death and Life;
 Christians, on this happy day
 Haste with joy your vows to pay;
 "Christ is risen," today we cry:
 Now He lives no more to die.

Christ who once for sinners bled,
 Now the first-born from the dead,
 Throned in endless might and power,
 Lives and reigns for evermore.
 Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
 Hail, Thou King of victory!
 Hail, Thou Prince of life adored!
 Help and save us, gracious Lord.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

It was when John Wesley found that the church of England would have none of his preaching that he determined to build a place for his own people. After looking about for suitable quarters, he found just the place to suit him, near the city of London at Upper Moorfield, an old disused government iron foundry.

He bought the place and built upon it the first Wesleyan chapel. It was called "The Foundry Meeting House." The first service was held in 1739. It was for the Foundry Service that Charles Wesley wrote the following hymn in 1739.

Charles Wesley was a great believer in hymns, which enter the heart softly and to comfort. Indeed, he found that hearts were touched many times by the singing of a single hymn.

In a few years time the Wesleys decided to bring out their own hymnbook. They did so, and in 1742 there appeared the "Foundry Collection" or "A Collection of Tunes Set to Music, as They Are Commonly Sung at the Foundry." The book contained between forty and fifty hymns and a Psalm supplement.

Christ the Lord is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! He sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

CHRIST WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES

Had the kind offer of a rich distant relative of the Wesley's, living in Ireland, been accepted—an offer to adopt young Charles—the history of Methodism would hardly have been the same. However, Susannah Wesley (Charles' mother) had other views. She valued spirituality far more than money, and refused the offer. (The adopted boy would have become heir to the Wellesley line. Of the same stock was Arthur Wesley—who later became Duke of Wellington and changed the spelling of the name.)

Charles was the youngest but one of nineteen children, nine of whom died in infancy. There was a deep and enduring bond between the two brothers John and Charles. John was already four years of age when Charles was born in 1707. In the unhappy marriage of John, who at the age of forty-eight married a wealthy widow with four children (of whom it was said that she tormented him for twenty years) brother Charles was his greatest standby; and when at last John's wife left him, it was the sympathetic Charles who helped him to keep the enthusiasm for his great work.

Of the 6,000 or more hymns that Charles Wesley wrote, many were never used. The best of the hymns were chosen for singing—and it was an age of hymn-writers—including Cennick, Toplady, "Rock of Ages," Perronet, "Crown Him Lord of All," and Phillip Doddridge, "O God of Bethel,"—many of whom were dissenters.

At a time when dissenters were unpopular in aristocratic circles, Lady Selina Ferrers (Lady Huntingdon) gave greatly of her substance to help build chapels for them. One day at court, the young George III asked one of the ladies where Lady Huntingdon was. "Oh," said she, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The King shook his head and replied, "I wish there were Lady Huntingdons in every parish of the kingdom."

This beautiful hymn, written by Charles Wesley at the age of thirty-three, appealed to everyone. The Victorian novelist George Elliot brings it into her book "Adam Bede" in this paragraph: "They turned away from each other, and

Seth walked leisurely homeward, mentally repeating one of his favorite hymns—he was fond of hymns . . . ”

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR

Dr. George Frederick Root, the writer of so many musical favorites, both secular and sacred, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, 1820. He studied music at home and abroad and made it his life's career. As a young man he and Lowell Mason became fast friends and collaborators in various activities in the musical world.

For a time Mason taught school, and Root did temporary organ duty. They founded Choral Societies, which became very popular. At the age of twenty-four, Frederick Root was teaching voice production in New York (Union Theological Seminary) and was organist for the Presbyterian Church on Mercer St. Later he went into the publishing business in Chicago under the name of Root and Cady. All his musical works were in demand. His Cantatas were performed at many musical festivals. The songs that he wrote seemed to compel immediate popularity, and all over

the world people were singing "Just Before the Battle Mother."

Root wrote this hymn at fifty years of age. It at once became a universal favorite. The Salvation Army uses the hymn much in its evangelistic services. It may be found in many hymnbooks.

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
 Here in His Word He hath shown us the way;
 Here in our midst He's standing today,
 Tenderly saying, 'Come!'
 Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
 In our eternal home.

'Come all that labour'—O hear His voice!
 Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
 And let us freely make Him our choice;
 Do not delay, but come.
 Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
 In our eternal home.

Think once again, He's with us today;
 Heed now His blest commands and obey;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 'Will you, my children, come?'
 Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
 In our eternal home.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Matthew Bridges was born at Maldon, Essex, England, in the year 1830. His family belonged to the evangelical school, and Matthew was educated in the Anglican persuasion along those lines.

Matthew soon showed a liking for the literary arts. Living in the quiet little country town of Maldon, he was able to indulge his love of poetry and prose to the full. At the age of twenty-five Bridges published a book of poems. And three years later a historical work of importance

entitled "The Roman Empire Under Constantine the Great." He made no secret that his only interest in writing the book was to expose the many superstitions of the Roman church.

Twenty years later he became a Roman Catholic, in spite of his former antagonism to that denomination.

It was an age when many beautiful hymns were being written. Faber's hymns were being sung by his own congregations at Brompton. Charlotte Elliott's immortal lines "Just as I am" and Jemima Lukes' "I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old" date from that time.

When he was forty-eight Matthew Bridges "threw in his lot with the Roman church." He left England and settled in Quebec, Canada. Here he continued his writings and brought out a book "The Passion of Jesus." Other books followed.

But of all his works, this fine hymn penned in 1851 will ever remain though the other writings be forgotten. It was found in his "Hymns of the Heart" brought out in 1857.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing,
Of Him Who died for thee,
All hail Him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
The Shiloh long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's Stem;
The Shepherd King of Israel's fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky,
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye,
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise;
 His reign shall know no end,
 And round his piercèd feet
 Fair flowers of paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
 The Potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime;
 All hail! Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail,
 Throughout eternity.

FAR FROM THE WORLD

It was when the poet Cowper was living at Huntingdon, 1765, that he wrote this hymn.

Cowper had been through much affliction of mind. He had once more recovered his health, and his brother John, who was at Cambridge, had secured lodgings for him in this quiet old town. The sensitive poet, however, could not bear to see his brother leave him. He became depressed and full of sorrow. He felt alone as on a desert island and knew not what to do.

Of this distressing state of mind, he relates, "I walked forth towards the close of the day, in this melancholy frame of mind, and having wandered about a mile from the town, I found my heart at length so powerfully drawn towards the Lord that, having found a retired and lonely nook in the corner of the field, I knelt down and poured forth my complaints unto Him.

"It pleased my Saviour to hear me, so that this oppression was taken off, and I was enabled to trust Him that careth for the stranger." But he adds, "This was not all. He did for me more than either I had asked or thought."

Cowper went back to his lodgings with a feeling of safety. Then came his first attendance at a church service

since his illness. He relates "I was immensely impressed by the reading of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. After church I went for a walk and found the quiet nook in the field, and there experienced a far greater blessing even than that of the previous day." "How shall I express," he says "what the Lord did for me, except by saying that He made all His goodness to pass before me; I seemed to speak to Him face to face, as a man conversing with a friend."

In the quiet of the Sunday rest, Cowper seized upon the happenings of the day and turned them into the immortal lines of this hymn (taken from the Olney Hymns) :

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee and what love!
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

FATHER OF HEAVEN, WHOSE LOVE PROFOUND

Edward Cooper was born in 1770, into the England of George III, that unhappy monarch who had already plunged the country into many serious difficulties.

Later in life, Cooper could look back to the age of five and recollect the family speaking of the events of the day. His life was passed in the seclusion of the lovely countryside. After the usual school round, where from all accounts he was most interested in literature and poetry, he went on to Queen's College, Oxford. Here he was such a confirmed and sound scholar that he devoted all his interests to scholastic work. He became a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

He was rector of Hamstall-Ridware for twenty-one years. There it was that he wrote this beautiful hymn for Trinity Sunday. Later, he became rector of Yoxhall, Staffordshire, where he stayed for twenty-two years, revered by the whole parish.

It was Edward Cooper's preaching that first attracted many to his church, who eventually became loyal parishioners. His reputation as a scholar was acknowledged by his Bishop, who advised the young curates in his diocese "to get a copy of Cooper's sermons and read them to the congregations" rather than their own efforts.

Edward Cooper published a number of volumes (at least half a dozen) of "Practical and Familiar Sermons," as well as "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns" (1811).

Father of Heaven, Whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Thrice holy! Father, Spirit, Son;
Mysterious Godhead. Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

FLING OUT THE BANNER!

George Washington Doane, was born at Trenton, New Jersey, 1719, and named after the great American patriot who had recently died.

He received his education at Union College, Schenectady, New York. At the age of twenty-two, he was ordained and appointed assistant at Trinity Church (Episcopal), New York. Two years later he resigned in order to take up work as Professor of Belles Lettres at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, from where he went to Trinity Church, Boston.

After ten years in the ministry, he was consecrated Bishop of New Jersey. Bishop Doane was greatly esteemed by all classes. He was a man of wide sympathies, understanding and earnest zeal in the education of young people. It was Bishop Doane who brought to America the first edition of "Keble's Christian Year," which he edited.

So greatly interested was the Bishop in education on sound church lines, that he founded St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey—a school for girls. It is related that the school on one occasion was having a gala festival with the flag as a special feature. A hymn suitable was badly needed. No one was more capable of its composition than their own Bishop—who was both poet, author and missionary. Why not ask him?

So, it is said, the bishop was asked and did write this hymn, symbolical of the Christian church—its members were to go forward, even as the crusaders of old; with banners unfurled, and pennants flying, until the foes of darkness were vanquished. (Nevertheless, the hymn may not have been written for this occasion.)

Bishop Doane died at Burlington, New Jersey, at the age of sixty-six. The stirring tune to which this hymn is sung (Waltham) was written by an Englishman, John B. Calkin.

Fling out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend,
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonders of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands,
 Shall see from far the glorious sight;
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! let it float,
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 Our glory, only in the Cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

Fling out the banner wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward let it shine;
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint was born at Bath, England, 1835. He was sent to the famous school founded by Edward VI for free education "for worthie scholars"—Bath Grammar School. In due course he went on to Queen's college, Oxford.

After taking his degree, he took up scholastic work at Somersetshire College, an educational center in the west of England. But as the years passed, literary work called him away from school work, except for the coaching of private pupils.

He published several works from his seaside home in Devon (Babbacombe), including "The Chalice of Nature and Other Poems." He also wrote a number of lyrics (which were published), as well as contributions to "Lyra Eucharistica."

But the hymn by which he is remembered is the one below. It was written while the author was staying with friends in the city that held him most—Bath.

One day in late spring (he was then about twenty-nine) he had rambled down lanes where the bank was covered

with sweet-scented violets, the primroses were peeping from between their leaves, and all the earth seemed glad. He then climbed the hill near by, and sat to rest. Entranced by the view that lay before him, under the spell of the beauty of it all—Bath, the countryside, hill and vale, the winding river Avon in the distance, the lovely sky with groups of billowy white clouds across the heavens—his heart welled up with emotion and he expressed with his pen the feelings that were within him, in the following hymn.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth,
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour,
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our sacrifice of praise.

FROM DEPTHS OF WOE I CRY TO THEE

This hymn is a paraphrase of Psalm 130. The author was Martin Luther. It was in 1511 that Luther's eyes were really opened to the iniquities of his times. He determined there and then to devote his life to fighting the forces of evil. After his return to Wittenberg from Rome, a priest arrived selling indulgences. Thus was a favorable opportunity to engage the enemy presented. When he nailed his announcement publicly to the church door, denying any man's right to forgive sins for payment, the Reformation had begun.

Luther's marriage to Katharina Von Bora (a former nun) proved both happy and helpful. His home life was filled with the sympathy and encouragement of his devoted wife and children. Many pleasant hours they spent with music—for Luther believed in hymns, believed that they were the most lasting way of carrying on the true faith.

The great Reformer made use of some of the old Latin Chants of the church, turning them into suitable melodies for his many compositions. Popular hymns became a feature of the Reformed faith.

This hymn, written in 1524, was sung at Luther's own funeral twenty-two years afterwards.

It was in 1530 that Luther was forced to attend the Diet of Augsburg. The strain of these appearances was undermining his health. He was more or less a prisoner during his stay at the castle of Coburg, his only companion being his man servant. One day while anxiously pondering the situation, he dropped to the floor in a faint. When consciousness returned, he said to his servant "Come, let us defy the devil and praise God by singing the hymn 'Aus tiefer Noth Schrei Ich Zu Dir'" (Out of Deep Need Call I to Thee).

(Translated from the German by Miss Winkworth.)

From depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication;
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
O who could stand before Thee.

To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth;
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

Therefore, my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest; His word
Upholds my fainting spirit;
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

What though I wait the livelong night;
And till the dawn appeareth?
My heart still trusteth in His might;
It doubteth not, nor feareth;
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it;
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it.
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

GLORY TO THEE WHO SAFE HAS KEPT

Thomas Ken, born at Berkhamstead in 1637, was a scholar of Winchester at the age of fourteen. He was brought up in an environment of learning, for at his sister's home where he lived after the death of his parents there frequently gathered men of note in the world of letters.

Ken entered Hart Hall, Oxford (a small college which has since been built upon and submerged into the beautiful college now known as Magdalen). Here he entered into the musical life of the University and was a member of several musical clubs.

After holding various livings, Ken returned to his beloved Winchester as a Fellow of the College. Here it was that

he prepared his excellent manual of prayers for the scholars. For of all his works, the three hymns that he wrote for the boys take first rank.

To the scholars he said "Be sure to sing the Morning Hymn and the Evening Hymn in your chamber devoutly, . . . to tell of the loving kindness of the Lord early in the morning, of His truth in the night season."

Thomas Ken left Winchester for a time in 1679, on being appointed chaplain to Princess Mary at the Hague. It was the saintliness of Ken's character that endeared him to all, as well as his boldness, modesty, gentleness and love. Nevertheless when he openly voiced his disapproval at the Hague of court ways, he was sent back to England.

Winchester welcomed him with open arms. In later life, Ken was often in much pain. He would lie restlessly in bed waiting for morning. On one of these occasions he wrote

Pain keeps me waking in the night;
I longing lie for morning light.
Methinks the sluggish sun,
Forgets he this day's course must run.

Bishop Ken's morning hymn "Awake My Soul and With the Sun, Thy Daily Stage of Duty Run," had a second part which is as follows:

Glory to Thee who safe has kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN

When Richard Whately was born in 1787, in London, his life hung in the balance for some time—so delicate and sickly was the tiny infant. But this extraordinary child lived and thrived with the years, and became one of the leading figures of his generation.

When a boy at school, his great powers of reasoning surprised the masters, who predicted an excellent future for him. Then came years at Oxford. It was an age of famous men, but nevertheless Whately showed outstanding ability and in due time was elected Fellow of Griel college, joining the group of brilliant men already there, which included Newman and Pusey, and of whom the most shining was, perhaps, Keble.

Whately was not at all inclined to controversy. He could see but one road to take. It was not hedged with any "isms," but was the Broad church way without any stiff theological hurdles. Newman is reported to have said of him that Whately taught him to think and reason. He had the respect of all schools of thought. His courage took him swiftly down the chosen path.

For some three years he accepted a country living in Suffolk (Halesworth) to secure much needed rest. However, Oxford soon recalled him to become principal of St. Alban's Hall; and three years later he was professor of Political Economy.

At the age of forty-four, he became Archbishop of Dublin. Here his powers had full sway and his services to education and the betterment of the poor were beyond calculation.

Richard Whately's writings were many and varied, educational and religious. There is only one hymn to his name, and the credit for that was shared with Bishop Heber, who wrote the first verse. Eleven years later Whately wrote the second verse of this beautiful evening hymn for children.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This live-long night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie;
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou our God forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU

Many of our most popular hymns have been written by women, as was the hymn "God Will Take Care of You."

Mrs. Stillman Martin, wife of the Rev. Stillman Martin, was an invalid more or less. Yet there were often times when she was able to accompany her husband to churches where he was invited as guest preacher.

Then came a special time when Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their young son were invited to visit in the great city of New York. Their friends were kindness itself in making them very welcome. Stillman Martin was immediately booked up to preach at a certain well-known church one Sunday morning. Meanwhile his wife became seriously ill.

As Sunday dawned, Mr. Martin felt very unhappy at leaving his wife for so long alone; and after much anxious thought he decided to cancel his engagement. "But," said his small son, "God will take care of Mummy." Struck with remorse at his own lack of faith, he fulfilled the engagement without delay.

That evening, on returning home, he found his wife very much better. The simple words of her boy had fired her faith too. She was inspired to write the words of this now familiar lyric. That same Sunday evening, Stillman Martin

sat down to the organ in his little room and before very long had composed the popular tune we all know.

The public soon made it a favorite, and it was widely sung at mission services.

Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, thro' ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you—
take care of you.

Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, thro' ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you—
take care of you.

All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, thro' ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you—
take care of you.

No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon His breast, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you, thro' ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you—
take care of you.

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GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

John Mason Neale left a great legacy to mankind when he unfolded for posterity the ancient Greek and Latin hymns of the Eastern church. In fact, so thoroughly acquainted was this learned man with the manuscripts of these early writers, that he himself said that "some of the hymns reported to have been translated were more of his own composition than the original." He referred expressly to "O Happy Band of Pilgrims" and "Safe Home, Safe Home in Port" and "Art Thou Weary."

Hymns had their origin in the East. We learn that in the year 506 A.D. the Council of Agde ordered the singing of hymns every day, both morning and evening.

In Dr. Neale's preface to "Carols for Christmas-Tide" he says, "It is impossible at one stretch to produce a quantity of new carols of which words and music shall be original. They must be the gradual accumulation of centuries; the offerings of different epochs, of different countries, of different minds, to the same treasury of the church. None but an empiric would venture to make a set to order."

The revival of carol singing has given inspiration to present day poets and composers to add new carols to those of the Latin writers. The new carols must in their turn stand the test of time and, in the words of Dr. Neale, "prove worthy of use."

This carol was written by Dr. Neale about 1853. It is known the world over, and is usually to be heard at Christmas Carol services of all denominations.

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say,
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born today,
Ox and ass before him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath open'd the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall;
Christ was born to save,
Christ was born to save.

GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING

Frances Ridley Havergal, the youngest of the family of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, was a very unusual child. As she was delicate, her life was made easy for her in every respect. School was out of the question. But in spite of many handicaps, Frances learned a great deal by travel and private tuition at home. There followed a year with friends in Germany, where she developed her talent for music.

Frances herself related that she was constantly fearful, up to teen age. When about fifteen, she took on the service of the Master, and joy took the place of fear. Then in December 1871 (Frances Havergal was then 35) she went on a visit to some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snepp, at Perry Bar. One morning she accompanied Mr. Snepp on a fairly long walk to a boys' school. While her friend went into the building she passed the time outside.

Feeling quite fatigued, she leaned up against the school wall, and gradually lost herself in thought. It was about fifteen minutes before Mr. Snepp returned, to find Miss Havergal scribbling on an old envelope.

Frances handed the paper to him, remarking that it was an Ascension Day song, based on Ephesians 4:8. "Wherefore he saith, when he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." Shortly afterwards Snepp edited "Songs of Grace and Glory." Many of Frances Havergal's poems were published in this book, some eight years before her death.

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.
All His suffering ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King.

He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory,
 At His Father's side,
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die;
 Jesus, King of Glory,
 Has gone up on high,
 All His suffering ended,
 Joyfully we sing;
 Jesus hath ascended!
 Glory to our King.

Praying for His children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace,
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too,
 All His suffering ended,
 Joyfully we sing;
 Jesus hath ascended!
 Glory to our King.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

The 18th century Welsh hymn-writer, William Williams, was born and brought up on the farm of his forebears at Cefn-y-Coed, Wales. Early in life he showed himself a poet and a lover of learning. His father was well-to-do, and nothing was allowed to stop William from receiving the best education. He studied medicine at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen—but one holiday, when he was twenty-one, something happened that changed the whole course of his life.

One fine morning William started for home and holidays, leaving Llwynllwyd by stage coach, and stopping off at Talgarth for a couple of hours enroute. Wandering along, to see why the crowd was by the churchyard gate, he was attracted by a preacher (the Welsh Evangelist Howel Harris). So fluent and convincing was his voice that from

that moment Williams decided what his vocation in life was to be—he would enter the ministry.

He studied for Holy Orders and was ordained and had a curacy at Llanwrtyd, Breconshire. Here he worked for some years. However, the Bishop of St. David's refused to ordain him priest on account of his evangelistic leaning. He resigned from the established ministry to become the right-hand helper of Howel Harris.

The name of William Williams became almost sacred to the little principality of Wales, so much was he loved during his fifty years of hard work—traveling (like Wesley) by horseback over mountain and glen, rain and shine, and preaching in the hamlet and town, in the people's native tongue, Welsh.

Of the 800 hymns he wrote, four are in the books today—translated into English in 1771 by his son, Rev. John Williams. William Williams died at Pantecelyn, Llandovery, at the age of sixty-four.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

HERE WE SUFFER GRIEF AND PAIN

Thomas Bilby was born at Southampton in 1794. At the age of fifteen he joined the army—which at that time was swelling its ranks with recruits of all ages—to defend England's shores from the threatened invasion by Napoleon.

At twenty-three, having now taken up civilian life, Bilby decided to interest himself in educational work for children. He became one of a small band of teachers who took the first normal course at the new Infants' Training School, Brewers' Green, near Westminster, London. When he was thirty-one he was given charge of a Training Centre at Chelsea, where hundreds of teachers were taught a new method of imparting knowledge to little children.

This special mode of teaching children became very popular. Thomas Bilby was persuaded to accept the job of starting the training system in the West Indies. After being there a time, however, he returned to England, where he decided to stay.

Bilby accepted the post of Clerk to the Parish of St. Mary's, Islington. This left him free for outside work. He helped to found "The Home and Colonial Infant School Society," as well as to write helpful text books, poems and children's hymns which were published in "The Infant Teachers' Assistant," a magazine circulated among the schools of the day.

This particular hymn was in that magazine and became very popular. Thousands of school children sang it.

Here we suffer grief and pain;
 Here we meet to part again:
 In heaven we part no more.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.
 All who love the Lord, below,
 When they die to heaven they go,
 And sing with saints above.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday School,
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

There we all shall sing with joy,
An eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

HOLD THE FORT

There is a monument at Rome, Pennsylvania, which bears this inscription:

P. P. Bliss,
Author of "Hold the Fort."

There is a story told of how the well-known hymn "Hold the Fort" came to be written.

In 1864 General Hood, during the American Civil War, was successful in his renowned coup of harrying Colonel Sherman's Army from the rear, thereby delaying its advance to the objective. The Colonel was concerned about the supplies falling into the hands of the enemy. One of the important posts was Altoona Pass. Here General Corse had only fifteen hundred men to take care of a great quantity of rations in storage.

General French, in charge of six thousand fighting men, surrounded the Fort and commanded them to surrender. Corse refused, and fighting began. The brave defenders

were gradually forced back to a smaller fort on the top of a hill. The situation was looking very black when they suddenly saw a white flag waving on a mountain top some miles away. It was a signal which said "Hold the Fort; I am coming, Sherman."

Some years afterwards, there was a special Sunday school meeting at Rochford, Illinois. Major Whittle told this story to the assembled gathering. P. P. Bliss was in the audience and immediately there flashed into his mind the effect these rousing words would have as a hymn.

The next day, in Chicago, Bliss and Whittle were to hold a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. P. P. Bliss thought that this crowded room of young men was just the place to launch the new hymn. He had a blackboard put on the platform and wrote in chalk the chorus. He sang for them the verses. The audience joined in with a will. The effect was stupendous.

The late Lord Shaftesbury, when presiding at the farewell meeting of Moody and Sankey in London, 1874, remarked that "if Mr. Sankey had done no more than teach the people to sing 'Hold the Fort,' he had conferred an inestimable blessing on the British Empire."

Ho, my comrades! see the signal,
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Jesus signals still!
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will!"

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Jesus signals still!
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will!"

See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Jesus signals still!
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will!"

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Jesus signals still!
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will!"

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

John Rippon was born at Tiverton, Devon, 1751, about three years after the death of the great hymn-writer, Isaac Watts. His people were non-conformists.

Rippon early in his career decided to become a preacher. Language and poetry were to him second nature. In this field lay his best use of these gifts. When he was only twenty-two, he was appointed to a Baptist charge in Tooley St., London. So happy and successful was he with his congregation, that it was with great regret that they learned that he was to go to a wider sphere of work at New Park Street. These were the only two churches he served during his long life of eighty-five years.

When he was thirty-six, he gathered together a certain number of hymns by the best authors to add as an appendix to Dr. Watts' Hymn Book. We find four years later "A Selection of Psalms and Hymn-Tunes from the Best Authors."

John Rippon, with his great taste and skill, was responsible for what came to be known as "Text Book" in the Baptist denomination, a book containing hundreds of best hymns. "The Comprehensive Rippon" was in great demand by all churches and denominations.

This especial hymn of comfort was in that selection—signed K. It is generally thought (though beyond proof) that the author was Robert Keith, a member of Rippon's Baptist congregation, and a close friend and collaborator in publishing the hymns. So comforting has the hymn proved to be, that it has been sung at many funerals, including state funerals of Presidents of the United States.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 To you who to Jesus for refuge have fled?

“Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
 I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid:
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My Grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dress to consume and thy gold to refine.

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
 I'll never,—no never,—no, never forsake!”

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Edmund Hamilton Sears, was born at Sandisfield, Berkshire, Massachusetts, 1810. His ancestors of Pilgrim stock had arrived in America in the year 1630.

Edmund was brought up on a farm. Early in life he had to do a good share of work—not only the household chores, but field work as well. Edmund, once, giving an account of his early life at home, tells how his father, following family custom, one morning read the 19th Psalm in such a dramatic manner and with such force of meaning, that something seemed to stir within. And later in the day, while working in the fields, some lines came into his head that he wanted to put down (he was only ten years old). Having nothing on which to write he took off his hat, found some chalky stone and wrote the “couplet” inside the lining!

Meeting the family at tea that evening he showed them his lines. They thought it was a joke and told him, “We

shall believe you if you can finish the verse." He astonished them all by doing so!

Sears attended Union College, Schenectady, New York, and the Theological School at Cambridge. For a time he served the First Unitarian Church at Wayland, Mass., going on to Lancaster, Mass. Later he retired from the ministry in favor of literature. He wrote many books on religious subjects which reflected his spirituality, and found a wide appreciative public.

This lovely Christmas hymn is one of his most appealing poems. It is known far and wide and may be found in most of the hymn books.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;—
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The words of peace they bring;
O listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophets seen of old,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Shall come the time foretold,
 When the new heaven and earth shall own
 The Prince of Peace their King,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

Christina Georgina Rossetti was born in London, England, in 1830. Her father was an Italian who had sought refuge in England and became a professor of languages at King's College, London. Her brilliant brother Gabriel has often portrayed his sister's sweet face in his famous paintings of "The Virgin."

The family had to struggle for its existence. Mrs. Rossetti bravely opened a day school for girls; her daughters had to keep the school going. However, owing to dearth of pupils, this venture did not last very long.

Christina was engaged to be married but, unhappily, the match was broken off on religious grounds. From this time on her gentle spirit was almost overcome by mental suffering. She shut herself into herself more and more, writing many books—about eight in all.

Deeply religious, she was known as a saint and a great poet. The poor children were her friends. In every possible way she gave of herself and her substance to their welfare. One day, in 1872, she wrote this Christmas carol especially for her Sunday school class of the very poor. They understood how bleak and cold the winters were.

In the bleak mid-winter,
 Frosty wind made moan,
 Earth stood hard as iron,
 Water like a stone;
 Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
 Snow on snow,
 In the bleak mid-winter
 Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
When he comes to reign;
In the bleak mid-winter,
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only his mother,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him—
Give my heart.

IN AGE AND FEEBLENESS EXTREME

The gifted Charles Wesley, perhaps the greatest hymn writer of any age, took the inspired pen from the failing hand of Isaac Watts.

Both Charles and John enjoyed long useful lives, Charles being the first one to join the great company on the other side, of whom he had written and sung for over fifty years. When they were children at Epworth rectory, the house was frequently visited by Poltergeist phenomena. The family were not afraid, but took these ghostly manifestations as a matter of course.

In John Wesley's diary there is this note—"How strange is this! but how little we know concerning the laws of the invisible world." John Wesley frequently alludes to the spirit world in his diary. "How often are spirits present when we do not think of it," he writes. And again, "How

hard it is to keep the middle way; not to believe too little, or too much."

The day Charles felt that his end was drawing near, he called for his wife to come and take down in dictation what his heart spoke. This is what he said:

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art.
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into Eternity!

That was all, one verse only. Soon afterwards Charles Wesley caught the smile, and dropped into eternity. In the year 1788, in his eighty-first year, Charles Wesley laid down his torch. But another was waiting to pick it up and run forward with it for a space. It was a little boy then five years of age, named Reginald Heber, who in his turn, like Charles Wesley, was to be remembered chiefly for his hymns. This hymn was inserted in the Methodist hymn-book.

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's life was always tinged with memories of his boyhood days by the sea. He was born in Portland, Maine. His father was a practising lawyer of that place.

As a lad he aimed at the highest ideals. The lovely surroundings of his youth helped him physically and mentally. But his quiet uneventful life was rudely shocked when, at the age of five, whilst playing on the beach at Casco Bay, he came across some wreckage of war. This impression never left his mind and later he described it in a poem—

The sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the bay!
And the dead Captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

When he was twenty-four we find him married to someone he had always known. Three years afterwards they traveled in Europe. While staying in Holland, his wife was taken ill and died. Longfellow was stunned by this event. After wandering aimlessly, seeking consolation in change of scene, he returned home to become lecturer at Harvard. Eight years passed. He married again—Miss Appleton of Boston.

The Civil War he felt keenly, and he was much distressed at the misery on all sides. In his heaviness of spirit he wrote the poem given, which speaks again today. Peace came to the land once more, and eighteen years of happy family life followed; then tragedy struck again.

The poet, going for his usual walk one day, was horrified on his return to find his wife had been burned to death! The flimsy dress she was wearing caught fire, and before help arrived all was over. It took many years for this grief to fade a little from his mind. He could never speak of it, even to his children, of which he had five.

Longfellow's bust is placed with the immortal dead in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, England.

1

I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

2

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom,
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

3

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

4

Then from each black accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

5

It was as if an earthquake rent,
 The hearth-stones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

6

And in despair I bowed my head
 "There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

7

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
 "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
 The WRONG shall fail,
 The RIGHT prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

I AM SO GLAD

In the year 1857 there was held in Rome, Pennsylvania, a musical convention calculated to attract the music loving public of the various states.

To the convention came a young and talented musician by the name of P. P. Bliss. During the course of the convention Bliss came in touch with a veteran of Gospel meetings, William B. Bradbury. The two found much to talk about. By the time the convention was over, Bradbury had talked Bliss into giving up himself and his musical talent to the service of the Master.

Bliss had a fine voice which would always be outstanding on account of its sympathetic tone and quality. One night when he attended a Revival meeting in Chicago, his marvelous voice came to the attention of the preacher, D. L.

Moody, who at the close of the service hastened to speak to him. Moody related in after years that "the power of solo singing of Gospel songs at evangelistic meetings dated from that time." In writing to a friend, P. P. Bliss said, "This singing and talking about the Good News of a present, perfect, free salvation and justification by faith is so popular and attractive, I do not believe I shall ever find time for anything else. It seems to me it is needed. How much of everything else we hear preached, and how little Gospel!"

Then came the time when Bliss and Major D. W. Whittle held many meetings in Chicago. Bliss, at the time, was staying in the Whittle home, 43 South St., of that city. One night on retiring, after many weary days of labor in down-town meetings, as he sat thoughtfully, his heart overflowed with joy. He prayed with the exaltation of Christ in him, and with tears in his eyes.

Taking pencil and paper, this poet-musician wrote the following hymn—both words and music.

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray,
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

John Bowring, man of letters, was a son of Devon, being born in the beautiful cathedral city of Exeter, 1792. His family were connected with the sea, and John entered the mercantile navy, as did many Devonshire boys whose early lives had been spent around and about that lovely coast.

The tradition of Drake and the other Elizabethan sailors does not die easily, and there was that other romantic figure of history, Sir Walter Raleigh, Devon born and bred, whose home is still to be seen (and has been visited by the writer) near Budleigh, Salterton, not far from Exeter.

The artist Millais depicts Sir Walter as a lad, lying on the stony beach of the Devon shore, listening intently to glowing tales of the uncharted seas, told by a bronzed sailor. As Raleigh was stirred by these tales so too must Bowring have yearned to sail out beyond the horizon.

John Bowring had a gift for acquiring languages—indeed, this became so remarkable that it was said he knew at least 100 dialects, a knowledge which proved of untold value in commerce abroad. However, when he was about thirty, he decided to give up the sea, where there seemed to be limits to his usefulness in helping his fellowmen, and to follow the teaching of his elderly friend Jeremy Bentham, who believed in the “greatest good for the greatest number.”

After editing “The Western Review,” he entered Parliament under the banner of Free Trade. It was Sir John Bowring who gave the English the florin. At the age of fifty-five he was appointed consul of Canton. It was a very different China from today. Ten years later he became the Governor of Hong Kong, and chief of trade for that flourishing neighborhood. He was rewarded by knighthood, but unfortunately his policy was not popular with those in authority in England. He resigned his post. Yet his successor, Lord Elgin, followed the same policy.

Of all the works that Sir John Bowring wrote (and they were many) only some of his hymns survive. He was thirty-three when this hymn was written. It breathes throughout the one and only hope of all mankind.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE

Mary Jane Deck was born in Suffolk, England. Part of her young life she spent at the ancient town of St. Edmunds' Bury, which is rich in history of church and state. Tradition has it that King Edmund of the East Angles (who was killed by the warring Danes) was buried here, and the place was named accordingly. Many were the miraculous things attributed to visits to the shrine of this martyred King.

In 1848 Miss Deck married the Rev. Edward Walker, an Evangelical like herself, who had been appointed rector of Cheltenham. They were both extremely fond of hymnology, and when her husband, in 1855, helped to edit "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," she collected a number of hymns to add to the hymnbook. Some of them were written for the new sect which had not long since been formed—"The Plymouth Brethren." Her brother, J. G.

Deck, was a member of that body. He had written quite a number of hymns and was a poet by nature.

Mary Walker came from a family that loved the Christian religion, but nevertheless the Walkers were divided in regard to the denomination where they worshipped, for her youngest son became a Presbyterian and built himself a moveable metal church. This church was known as "The church of Scotland." After standing in different places, it came to rest in his father's parish! The eldest son, Edward Walker, took Holy Orders, but did not live many years. He died in his early twenties. He is known in the world of music as the composer of the hymn tune "Kirkbradden."

It was Mary Walker's mother, Mary Ann Deck, who composed "There is a City Bright," and her sister, Mrs. G. F. Walton, was a widely known authoress.

Mrs. Walker wrote this hymn for her husband's "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," 1864. It has since found its way into many of our hymnbooks.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost and helpless, Thou canst make me whole,
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners; therefore, Lord, for me.

Jesus, I will trust Thee; Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and forever, on Thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days;
Sick men gathered round Thee, sinners sought Thine aid,
And on sick and sinful, healing hands were laid.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard;
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet;
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation; Thou my Saviour God.

JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, Count Von Zinzendorf, was born at Dresden in 1700, a descendant of one of the most noble and wealthy families in Saxony. Educated by a Pietist tutor, he readily imbibed the religious spirit of his forebears. It was Nicolaus who founded the "Order of the Mustard Seed." He induced his school friends to give up worldliness for the service of the Master.

When he was visiting Dusseldorf, after he had left the University of Halle, he saw a picture of Jesus crowned with thorns; above it was the legend "This I have done for thee; what hast thou done for Me?" His biographer writes—"From that time the service of Christ was the passion of his heart."

For the next ten years his services were given to the Elector of Saxony, and during that time he allowed part of his estate to be used as a refuge for the persecuted Moravians, with whom he had much sympathy. At a later date he was ordained to the ministry and spent some years preaching, journeying from Russia to America, founding settlements for the Brethren.

He became their bishop in 1737. Later in life he settled permanently at Herrnhut. By now he was a very poor man, for he had given away all; and when he died, twenty-three years later, there was scarcely enough money to purchase the sanctuary of a cheap grave for him.

Nicolaus Zinzendorf lived up to his great ideal. He smoothed out many of the difficulties which beset the Moravian organization, and gave to the family life of these people the highest ideals of Christ. He wrote many hymns, which were printed in 1755 ("Deutsche Gedichte" and others). This hymn was translated by John Wesley.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Even then this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
 For me—a full atonement made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
 Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
 Their beauty this, their glories dress,
 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

JUST AS I AM, THINE OWN TO BE

“Marianne Hearne” was the nom de plume of Marianne Farningham. She was born at Farningham, Kent, England, 1834. Early in life, Marianne became an orphan. She had to act as mother to several of her young brothers and sisters when she herself was about ten years old.

There was very little money left by the parents to support the family, but Marianne used to say that the Lord provided for the orphans. Living for a time at Bristol, picking up any education that she could find, Marianne yet managed to make a good showing. She was able to teach a little primary class at Gravesend, near London, where she went to live, as well as contribute little articles to periodicals. Her old friend, the minister of Eynsford, Kent, J. Whittemore, who was a well-known journalist of the time, encouraged her, and through his influence she got on the staff of “The Christian World.”

From this position she wrote much, including poetry, and had it published. The “Sunday School Times” she also edited with much success. She wrote her own autobiography under the heading “A Working Woman’s Life.” Also from her pen came “Morning and Evening Hymns

for a Week," "Songs of Joy and Faith," and at least four other volumes.

At the age of fifty-three Miss Hearne wrote this well-known hymn which is in most of the hymn books. It was published in "The Voice of Praise," 1887, of the Sunday School Union of London, England.

Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

LET US WITH A GLAD SOME MIND

John Milton, the famous Englishman (born at London, in 1608), was the son of well-educated tradespeople who determined that John, who loved poetry, should have the best teaching.

He was a pupil at the renowned St. Paul's school where he formed two lasting friendships, one with Tom Young,

a Scot, and one with the Italian, Charles Diodati, to whom he dedicated a Latin poem.

When only sixteen, this school-boy genius wrote the following hymn, which has outlived many of his later poems. Going on to Christ's College, Cambridge, he graduated at the age of twenty. Milton was now making a name by his literary works and poems.

It was just 300 years ago that Milton toured Italy, forsook poetry for a time and diverted his attention to writing on political affairs—for the England of his time was seething and the civil war was about to break. Milton was, of course, on the side of Cromwell, and wrote many articles in favor of the King's execution.

But Milton was fast losing his sight. After some years of poor sight, he went totally blind at the age of thirty-six. Nevertheless he continued at his post of "Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Council of State," until the nation was clamoring for the return of Charles II. The Royalists left Milton alone, and so did many others. He was lonely and neglected and in the end became a recluse. But John Milton lived true to his great ideals. He started to recapture his poem dream—and in the year 1665 he had written "Paradise Lost," having then been blind for thirteen years. It was two years before it was published, to gain for him eventually the admiration of the world. Dryden wrote, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Four years later came "Paradise Regained."

Milton cannot be called a hymn writer. His writings are too scholastic for the rank and file and do not lend themselves readily to musical setting.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He the golden-tressèd sun
 Caused all day his course to run;
For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us then, with gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Founded on Psalm 136.

LIGHT OF THE LONELY PILGRIM'S HEART

Sir Edward Denny was born at Tralee Castle, Ireland, 1796. His father was a very wealthy landowner in that neighborhood. When the older man died in 1831, his son, Edward, succeeded to his riches.

Young Edward was the possessor of a very modest personality and was most anxious to treat his fellowmen with justice and generosity. With the aid of estate agents, he reorganized his property—reducing all rents. It was the day of exorbitant rents. The poor, and even the moderately poor, were weighed down with heavy rental burdens—so much so that the government formed the Land Commission Office. Heavy rents had to be reduced. But no fault could be found in the Denny estate. It was said that throughout the whole of Ireland no other property could be found which was so fairly and justly arranged.

Sir Edward Denny joined the sect of the Plymouth Brethren. He passed much of his life in London, living in the simplest manner and devoting his time to prophecies of the Bible and to making them known to his friends. Denny wrote a good deal on subjects chiefly dealing with the Plymouth Brethren sect.

In 1839 his "Hymns and Poems" were published, and nine years later a second edition was in demand. Several of his

hymns are in our various hymnbooks. This particular one may be found in the United Church "Hymnary" and the "Scottish Hymn Book." This hymn was set to music by H. Smart.

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth with rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Come then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

LORD OF OUR LIFE, AND GOD OF OUR SALVATION

Philip Pusey (family name Bouverie, but changed to Pusey on inheriting estates of that name) was born at Pusey, 1799. In due course he went to Eton where his still more famous brother Edward had been before him. He went on to Christ Church, Oxford.

Pusey was very fond of agriculture. He had large estates of his own and made a careful study of husbandry, writing frequently on the subject. He was one of the

founders of the Royal Agricultural Society. He was besought for Parliament and represented several constituencies in the House of Commons. Disraeli greatly admired Pusey and publicly stated that he was one of the finest types to be found in Parliament.

Pusey appreciated beauty expressed in works of art. It was reported that any poor person having a rare etching, print or object d'art could depend on Pusey buying it. Among his many interests was hymnology. He loved hymns, but the only work to his name is this translation from the German, 1644, to which Sir Joseph Barnby composed a tune for the 1868 collection of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

The hymn was originally written as a prayer for help, during the dreadful Thirty Years War, and inspired by the lines of Psalm 79, verse 9, "Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name."

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaleth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant us Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

LORD, WHILE FOR ALL MANKIND WE PRAY

John Reynell Wreford was born at Barnstaple, England, 1800. His people were Unitarians. Early in life he determined to become a minister of that sect. He was educated at Manchester college, in the city of York.

In due course, Mr. Wreford became the pastor of the Unitarian church, Birmingham, but ill-health compelled him to resign. Some little time afterwards he decided to retire from church work in favor of teaching. So he started a school in Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, which became well known in scholastic circles.

When John Wreford reached the age of retirement, he went to live at Bristol, within sight of the sea. Residing in the same city was another hymn-writer of a younger generation (thirty-five years younger), William Chatterton Dix, who wrote "Come Unto Me, Ye Weary," and several other of our better known hymns. Each of these writers has left a legacy to posterity.

Wreford had written many hymns quite early in his career, but they were Unitarian in teaching and did not find undisputed favor even in his own church. Out of his many hymns only this has survived. It is in some of our hymnbooks today.

In John Wreford's youth he had passed through a great time of trouble in England. Everywhere was a ferment. Invasion of the country by Napoleon was threatened. People used to keep watch on the hillside, waiting for sight of the enemy. The shadow had now gone. The young Princess Victoria of Kent succeeded to the throne as Queen Victoria, 1837. This hymn was written at this particular time, as a prayer for England.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land.
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

O, guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout,
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the Nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust.
Her everlasting Friend.

I LOVE THEE BECAUSE THOU HAST FIRST LOVED ME

A famous preacher musician (Mr. W. H. Jude) tells a story from his own life in connection with this hymn.

"While I was traveling in Australia," wrote Mr. Jude, "one evening I was passing along a quiet street in the town where I was staying, when my attention was attracted by singing. I stood still to listen. It was no performance of classical music, or the latest opera song, but the sweet strains of an old-fashioned hymn. I followed up the singers, and found a humble building used by the Salvation Army as barracks. The singing went on—

'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

"I was curious, and went in. There were only a few people there, but they were singing as though they were pouring out their hearts to God. I remained during the service, and from that evening I changed my whole career."

Mr. Jude was an eminent musician and composer—but the simple words and melody which he heard in the street on that occasion touched a responsive chord in his heart, and through its influence he became known in almost every country.

The hymn was written in 1858 by W. R. Featherstone, a Montreal boy of seventeen, and it first appeared anonymously in "The London Hymnbook." (The author died at

the age of twenty-eight.) Dr. A. J. Gordon composed the rhythmic tune, which soon became a general favorite.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

When John and Charles Wesley began their outdoor crusade of preaching, they rode from one end of England to the other, gathering followers all the way. In Cornwall—their favorite meeting place—was a disused mining pit, well known in the locality as "Gwenap Pit." This meeting place—shaped like a bowl—had an area of eighty square feet sloping to a depth of probably fifty or sixty feet, resembling a huge theatre. It also had a natural formation of seats, tier upon tier, which were covered with the greenest of grass. In this amphitheatre the Wesleys often preached. The Cornish folk came from far and near to hear the famous evangelists.

In his journal, dated August 10, 1746, Charles Wesley notes—"For nearly two hours nine or ten thousand people listened to John with all eagerness as he preached."

The singing of Charles Wesley's own compositions (set to well-known tunes) was introduced by Charles himself. One of his favorites was "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," which he wrote a year after his conversion.

Charles himself told how he came to write it after a conversation with the Moravian, Peter Bohler, on the subject of praising Christ, during which Bohler had remarked, "If

I had a thousand tongues I would praise Him with them all." Charles at once seized the phrase and wrote the hymn.

In his enthusiasm he wrote many verses. John Wesley took five of the verses only, to comprise this hymn as it appears today in our hymnbooks.

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

The Rev. George Bennard was American born. His early years were spent at Youngstown, Ohio. He relates that at the early age of sixteen his father died, and it devolved upon him to become the man of the family, with four sisters and a widowed mother to look after.

Then it was that George found the Salvation Army a tower of strength. He joined with them and worked in their ranks for a number of years. Here Bennard saw humanity fighting its struggle for existence. People, he discovered, needed something solid to cling to, some enduring support in their daily lives.

After a number of years, George Bennard entered the Methodist Episcopal church, where his devoted ministry was highly esteemed.

He records how "the inspiration came to me one day in 1913 when I was staying in Albion, Michigan. I began to write 'The Old Rugged Cross.' I composed the melody first. The words that I first wrote were imperfect. The words of the finished hymn were put into my heart in answer to my own need.

"The hymn first saw the light of day when I visited some friends at Pokagon Parsonage, Michigan. The Bostwicks were musical people, so after supper we went over to the piano. I was anxious to show them my hymn, and here was the opportunity!

"I sang it to them, then nervously asked what they thought of it. 'So much,' they answered, 'that we must have it printed . . . Leave it to us, we will look after the cost.'"

The first occasion of its being heard in public was at the Chicago Evangelistic Institute. It became popular at once. Before very long, church congregations in every state of the Union were singing "The Old Rugged Cross."

1

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross, where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain,
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

2

Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it to dark Calvary,
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

3

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

4

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share,
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

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O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND

Phillip Doddridge, the writer of some of our imperishable hymns, was born in London, England, 1702. His father was a successful city merchant. His mother's people were Bohemian, having left their native land in pursuit of religious tolerance. It was through his mother's early teaching that little Phillip learned the Bible stories by heart, from the gaily painted Dutch titles which were to him a source of happiness, for he loved the fascinating pictures.

While he was still a child, and always delicate, his parents died, leaving him disconsolate. His was a lonely path in life. In his teens, he took charge of a small dissenting chapel. He showed such promise as a preacher, that friends offered to educate him for the Anglican church, but he preferred to remain a dissenter.

At twenty-one, he became minister of a charge at Kibworth, a little country place with a well-filled church. After six years he went on to Northampton, where he combined the duties of pastor with scholastic work. It was here that he wrote many of his hymns. His strength was already overtaxed, yet he was able to write a book called "The Rise

and Progress of Religion in the Soul." This book was translated into a number of languages and went through several editions.

But the bright intellect of Doddridge was seriously handicapped by his delicate constitution. Tuberculosis claimed him, and he was forced to seek the warm climate of a foreign shore. He set sail for Lisbon, Portugal. Two weeks after arrival there, alone, and in lodgings, he died. He was buried there amid strangers.

And yet not quite alone, for he himself had written:

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

This hymn is said to have been the favorite of David Livingstone, who related what a comfort it was to him on his journey through the wilds of Africa. Thus it came to be sung at his funeral in Westminster Abbey, 1872.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

O HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY CHOICE

Phillip D. Doddridge was one of the fervent hymn writers of the 18th century. All of his hymns were penned in his own hand (very clear and beautiful writing) and were dis-

tributed to the congregations of the small chapels at Kibworth and Northampton in which he ministered.

Delicate from his youth up, deprived of his parents by death at an early age, he turned with noble fortitude to the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom on earth. In his short span of forty-eight years he accomplished much.

Many people consider his hymn "Hark the Glad Sound" to be his finest, though some prefer "O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand." After Doddridge had finished the training required by the dissenting church (at the age of twenty-one) he was given the small charge of Kibworth, England. He was so filled with zeal for his work that, in pure joyousness of spirit, he voiced his feelings in this well-known hymn. He wrote on the top of the manuscript: "Rejoicing in our covenant engagements with God."

Came the time when Queen Victoria's eldest daughter was to be confirmed. A list of suitable hymns was submitted to Her Majesty. And it was on this hymn by Doddridge that the royal choice fell.

How prophetic the beautiful words of the last verse were to the author! His failing health prompted a sea voyage to Portugal. He died there, two weeks after arrival. He is buried at Lisbon. His works are imperishable.

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that Sacred Shrine I move.

'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

O JESU, THOU ART STANDING

William Walsham How, the author of this hymn, was an unaffected man who liked people. This was his secret in reaching the heart of the man in the street. His friends were legion. Of all the hymns which How wrote, perhaps the most widely known is "O Jesu, Thou Art Standing," which was composed in 1867, before How became a bishop. It is an interesting story—the inspiration of this hymn. It has to do with a painting, one which everyone knows.

Holman Hunt, the artist, had reached the age of twenty-five, and he was almost in despair; for though he had disposed of some of his pictures, sales were hard to make. He had almost made up his mind to give up painting. Being a believer in the power of prayer, he prayed for guidance in this dilemma. Feeling comforted, he suddenly realized that he had a mission to fulfil, and the next morning started to outline on canvas the picture that was put into his mind, and which he intended to paint.

Funds came to him unexpectedly, and he was able to continue when he might otherwise have had to give up. There were periods of depression when he would drop his work and go tramping the country, but he always returned to his canvas refreshed.

Two years passed. At last the day arrived for the unveiling of "The Light of the World." The now familiar allegorical picture depicts the figure of Christ, a lighted lantern in hand, standing in darkness outside a closed door which is overgrown with weeds and on which Christ is knocking, apparently unheard and unheeded.

Success was immediate and complete. Not for a century had a painting made such a stir. The life-size original was immediately purchased, and presented by the owner's wife,

Mrs. Combe, to Keble College, Oxford, where it may still be seen in the college chapel.

But Holman Hunt was dissatisfied. He wanted everyone to see his inspired work. So he painted a duplicate, an exact replica of the first, which was put on exhibition in many countries all over the world. The second picture has found a resting place in Christ Church Priory, Hampshire, where it may be seen on the walls of the church. It inspired How to write:

O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children;
And will you treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

O LET HIM WHOSE SORROW

Heinrich Siegmund Oswald entered into this world at Nummersatt, Silesia, 1751. His family were in comfortable circumstances, and Heinrich received a sound education at Schmiedeberg to fit him for public service.

For some years he worked with his brother Ferdinand, who held an office of some importance. Then he was

offered and accepted the position of private secretary to the Landgrave Von Prittewitz at Galtz. Unfortunately his health began to fail and he was threatened with tuberculosis. He resigned and returned to his home town of Schmiedeberg. Here, partly restored to health, he did light work as a clerk. After a time there was general improvement in his health, and in 1790 the King of Prussia made him Court Councilor. When the king died, a few years later, he retired on a pension and the little family went to live at Breslau.

It was during his years of retirement that Heinrich wrote his best works. A born musician, poet and scholar, he now found happiness in the secluded and quiet family home. Several of his religious works were published. Also some musical compositions which received recognition at the time.

This beautiful hymn he wrote at the age of seventy-five. (He died when eighty-four.) The hymn became well known in Germany. In 1841 Miss Frances Cox translated it from the German, and it is in most of the hymnbooks.

O let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven,
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near,

All our woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

Jesu, Holy Saviour,
Fill us with Thy love,
Crown us with Thy favour
In the realms above.

O LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH AND SEA

The poet Wordsworth had a famous nephew, Christopher Wordsworth, born in London, 1807. His father was the rector of Lambeth. Young Christopher had a brilliant career at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was headmaster of Harrow at the age of twenty-nine, and at the age of fifty-five became Bishop of Lincoln.

Beautiful Lincoln Cathedral dominates the whole countryside. In olden days the footsteps of pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Hugh (of Lincoln) were so numerous that they wore the stone steps into marked grooves. In 1850 Christopher Wordsworth retired for rest to a little country place in Berkshire bearing the quaint name of Standford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey, a relic of olden days. However, but for this village we might not have one of our well-known hymns today.

The rector found that the village people did not support the church; they simply passed along the offering plate at the service, giving almost nothing. What could be done? He decided to write a hymn on the privilege and duty of giving to God.

So he wrote the following hymn for his parishioners. The choir was to sing it at least once a month, which they did. It was entitled "Charitable Collections."

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;
 Where harvests ripen, Thou are there,
 Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that Blessed One,
 Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
 Spirit of life and love and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower,
 Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of Heav'n,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousandfold will be;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Who givest all.

To Thee, from whom we all derive,
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give!
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

It was in September, 1824, that Phoebe Carey was born in the family homestead in the Miami Valley, Ohio. Phoebe and her elder sister, Alice, lived their young lives in the seclusion of the countryside. It was the only world they knew. They had similar tastes and were devoted to one another. Nothing disturbed their serenity and poise.

Both were fond of poetry and used to vie with each other in writing poems. They shared an ambition to publish a book. One Sunday, on returning from morning church, Phoebe, who was then twenty-eight years of age, felt inspired to write the following hymn, which later became a favorite with Moody and Sankey. In writing to a friend years afterwards, Phoebe had this to say, "I enclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852), in your home. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom, one Sunday morning after coming from church; and it makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

In 1850 the sisters found a publisher who bought their book of poems. He gave them \$100 for the work. They were pleased with their success; and on the strength of it decided to make the journey to New York.

The sisters could not bear to live apart. Such affection for each other brought them many kind friends. They joined the Church of the Strangers, and seventeen years later Phoebe collaborated with the pastor, Dr. Deems, in bringing out a hymnbook.

Alice, her elder sister by four years, died in 1871. Phoebe followed a few months later. Even in death they were not divided. They sleep side by side in the beautiful cemetery of Newport, Rhode Island.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer my home today
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea,
 Roll dark before my sight,
 That brightly on the other side,
 Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet,
 Haye almost gained the brink,
 If it be I am nearer home
 Even today than I think,

Father, perfect my trust;
 Let my spirit feel in death
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the rock of a living faith.

REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING

Charles Wesley, the 18th child of the rector of Epworth, was born February 9th, 1709. Young Charles came within a hair's breadth of leaving this world shortly afterwards, when one cold February night the Rectory caught fire. He was saved from the flames by the courage of his old nurse. The rest of the family had as narrow an escape. This was the second fire the Wesleys went through, for some years previously the house had caught fire and was razed; on that occasion young John had escaped by a miracle.

As the lad grew up, he showed that he was well endowed with pluck; when at Westminster School he fought many a battle on the playing ground. In fact, he was so good with his fists that he challenged the older bullies of a frail young schoolmate, so that the Earl of Mansfield—for the intended victim was he—was Charles Wesley's friend for life.

The origin of the word "Methodist" is interesting. When John (an older brother) was acting as his father's curate at Epworth, Charles was at Oxford and not working very hard. He failed in his examination, and the shock of failure shook him. He relates that he awoke out of his lethargy. He persuaded two or three other students to go with him to the weekly sacraments. This led to a student from Christ Church exclaiming—"Here is a new set of Methodists sprung up,"—in reference to their "methodical"

performance of their duties. The name quickly spread through the university, and Oxford Methodism began its course.

The Wesleys had been in the field for forty-two years before they brought out a hymn book. A collection of their hymns was printed in 1780. Strange to say, this fine hymn was not included although it had been written eight years after the Wesleyan Movement started. It was over fifty years old before it was known. Handel discovered the words, and at once set it to the inspiring tune we know so well.

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit
And bow to His command
And fall beneath His feet;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come.
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound; Rejoice!

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

James Edmeston was an architect, born at Wapping, England, 1825, of non-conformist stock. His grandfather held the pastorate of an Independent chapel in the East End of London, but the young lad leaned toward the Anglican church, which he joined, and throughout his life he remained an ardent worker in its cause.

For many years he was connected with the London Orphan Asylum. The children there thought it a great honor to receive a prize from his hands on their annual Speech Day. It was after one of these gala days that he wrote his famous hymn "Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us," a prayer for the lonely little folk going out to new homes.

The story is told of how the inspiration came to him to write this hymn. He was engrossed in a book of "Travels in Abyssinia." The wonder of Ethiopia held his imagination—how, so long ago as the 4th century, the Ethiopians embraced Christianity; how too, through the Dark Ages, the Christian link had held; and the devotion of the people to their church, and what it stood for. The author of the book (Salte) described the gathering of the Christian natives in the camp as evening fell; their canopy the wondrous starry sky above, they offered up prayers to the great Ruler of all, and in their native tongue they softly chanted: "Jesus forgive us, Thy servants we," to music full of feeling and most arresting.

And so the hymn was written. It was thirty years or so before the lines were set to melody by William Shore, the last verse being added at a later date by E. H. Bickersteth.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watches where Thy children be.

Though destruction walk around us.
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Father, to Thy holy keeping,
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessed spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us,
Breaks in everlasting light.

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH

There is a record in an ancient manuscript, about the year 170 A.D., of one Titus Flavias Clemens (or Clement, Clemens Alexandrius) having been a native of Athens. Clemens came in for attention as an earnest student of the Christian Fathers. He was an idealist, and had sought truth at the feet of many pagan orators. Determined, however, to make himself conversant with the lives of the Holy Apostles, he became eminent amongst the learned men of the day.

At Alexandria he came under the influence of a great Christian teacher of the age, Plantaenus, who was chief of the catechetical school. Clemens had now found his vocation, and he settled down to work in Alexandria. Some years later (190 A.D.) he succeeded his gifted master at this seat of learning.

Clemens' reputation as a great scholar reached far and wide. His classrooms were famous. One, at least, of his pupils became Bishop of Cappadocia.

The Roman Emperor, Severus, now wore the imperial purple (202-203 A.D.). He was jealous of the Christian inroads into pagan worship. The church entered upon a time of persecution. Clemens seems to have drifted away

into obscurity. For some years he was unheard of, until one day a former pupil (the bishop of Cappadocia) wished to send urgent news to the church at Antioch. It was Clemens who personally brought the letters (211 A. D.).

The great foundation that Clemens built for the early church is beyond reckoning. He achieved results not only with his attractive personality and teaching, but by his published three books which he named "The Tutor," containing particular instructions to his followers on the course to pursue. The first volume told "How God trains His Own." The second book laid down rules of daily living.

In an age of personal indulgence, he particularly stressed the need of an unpampered daily mode of living. The third book refers to the true beauty of the spirit, and deplores extravagance of dress in both men and women. He advises certain rules. Clemens finishes his book with two poems, one of which he calls the "Hymn of the Saviour." It is thought to have been written for the young catechumens of the New church, about the year 200 A.D.

The world is indebted to Rev. H. M. Dexter, a Congregational minister of Manchester, New Hampshire, for the translation of this early Christian hymn from the original Greek.

1

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou did'st Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3

Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love;
In all our mortal pain,
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou did'st not disdain,
 Help from above.

4

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song;
Jesu, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

5

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing;
Let all Thy holy throng,
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King.

SING THEM OVER AGAIN TO ME

Philip Bliss, the Gospel song writer, was the happy possessor of much talent. Not only did he write the words of a hymn, but he would set them to music which, he maintained, would "bubble up" as he composed the words.

In his early years Bliss belonged to the Methodist church. Then, in his thirties, he joined the choir of the First Congregational Church, Chicago. For about three years he superintended the Sunday school work. Later he joined forces with the Evangelist Major D. W. Whittle. They toured different cities with great success in their work.

It was said that Bliss devoted the whole of his royalties, amounting to some \$30,000, to the Evangelistic work. Then came the time when those other Evangelists Messrs. Moody and Sankey, returned to America. Bliss already had his hymns and music in book form. However, he collaborated

with Moody and Sankey in bringing out the extremely popular book of that time "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs." Every Sunday school in America sang these simple lively hymns.

Philip Bliss died under very tragic circumstances at the age of thirty-eight. He and his wife were on a train returning home to Chicago after one of his tours. As the train crossed a bridge, a part of the structure gave way, and the train plunged to the shallow water far below. Escaping himself from the wreck, he returned to help find his wife. But while the rescue work was proceeding, the train burst into flames and both perished.

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!
Beautiful words! Wonderful words!
Wonderful words of Life!

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life!
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven!
Beautiful words! Wonderful words!
Wonderful words of Life!

Sweetly echo the gospel call!
Wonderful words of Life!
Offer pardon and peace to all!
Wonderful words of Life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever!
Beautiful words! Wonderful words!
Wonderful words of Life!

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG

James Montgomery (1771-1854) would jokingly say to his friends that "he had narrowly escaped being an Irishman." He was of Ulster-Scottish parentage.

After many adventures, Montgomery settled into newspaper work at Sheffield, where he was destined to become one of the city's most notable citizens. Montgomery never married. He seems to have been a lonely man, in spite of being a favorite with the public. His health frequently gave cause for anxiety, for he was subject to fits of despondency.

It is interesting to note that John Wesley had reached the age of sixty-eight when James Montgomery was born. It was as though another hymn-writer was provided to take up the torch of the Wesleys. This hymn, which Montgomery wrote at the age of forty-eight, first appeared in "Cotterill's Selections," 1819, under the caption "Glory to God in the Highest."

Montgomery, writing to a friend, relates: "To those who think fine scenery and extended landscape are necessary for poetic inspiration—From the room in which I sit to write and where some of my happiest pieces have been produced, all the prospect I have is a confined yard, where there are some miserable walls and the backs of houses which present to the eye neither beauty nor variety nor anything else calculated to inspire a single thought except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have been chopped off by violence, or fretted away by the weather. No, as a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery must be secured before we sit down to compose; the impression must be made already, and the mind must be abstracted from surrounding objects. It will not do to be running abroad in observation of thought."

Songs of Praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No, the Church delights to raise,
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
 Father, unto Thee we raise.
 Jesu, glory unto Thee,
 With the Spirit, ever be.

SOME DAY THE SILVER CORD WILL BREAK

Fanny Crosby was seventy-one when she gave the world the hymn "Saved By Grace." The blind poetess had married in 1858 Alexander Van Alstyne, who was a much respected teacher in a big institution for the blind, but "Fanny Crosby" was the signature she continued to use.

Ira D. Sankey made her hymns famous. It was early in the Evangelist's career that he first met the blind hymn-writer. He always maintained that he experienced the greatest joy and peace in bringing before the world these messages. Fanny Crosby wrote hundreds of sacred songs. They could not all be sung, but those that are best known were made so during the Moody and Sankey tour of Europe.

Who of the older generation does not remember "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," that hymn beloved by many people? And, to mention but another, "Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross"?

The following hymn is widely enough known to bear telling how it came to be published. The summer conferences were being held at Northfield, Mass., and Fanny Crosby was visiting Mr. Sankey's home. Mr. Sankey thought that her many friends would like to hear her speak at the meetings, even though it would be only a few words, so he asked the poetess if she would give a little address.

After trying to refuse gracefully, she was at last prevailed upon to speak. She was assisted to the platform by Mr. Sankey. On the desk by which she stood was a Bible. Placing her hand upon this, she began to speak. She recounted things connected with her life of darkness. "But the darkness," she said, "has been turned to a bright light." Fanny Crosby then read this hymn which she had just written.

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But O the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know—my All-in-all
Has now a place in heaven for me.
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord will say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

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SPIRIT OF GOD, DESCEND UPON MY HEART

George Croly was an Irishman, born Dublin, 1780. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and on graduating took Holy Orders. After working as a parish priest for some years, he resigned and journeyed to London, England, where he threw himself into the literary field.

Here his talent in poetry, prose, drama and songs attracted wide attention and made him welcome in those

circles. The famous "Blackwood Magazine," then in its early days, was indebted to George Croly for many articles. He helped to establish its reputation. He was also the editor of a Review and engaged in considerable political writing.

But in spite of all these secular ties, the church called him. He was offered and accepted the cure of the combined parishes of St. Benet (Sir John Stainer was at one time organist there) and St. Stephens, Walbrook, London. Croly was very happy in this work. His preaching attracted people of all sorts and conditions, and from far and near.

One of his great parochial works was to bring out a book of "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship." This book gained wide esteem. Many of the hymns which it contained were his original composition.

George Croly lived a long and vigorous life. Unimpaired in mind and body, he carried on until he reached the age of eighty. Then one day, while taking his usual walk near the city, he dropped to the pavement, dead.

Dr. Croly was seventy-four when he wrote the following hymn. It is to be found in many hymn books.

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
Wear it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, God and King,
All, all Thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind?
I see Thy Cross; there teach my heart to cling.
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The baptism of the heaven-descending dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

STARS OF THE MORNING

St. Joseph, the hymnographer, who was the writer of many hymns which have been translated for the use of Christendom, had reached Constantinople with his little band of monks from Thessalonica.

The Christian population were constantly quarrelling among themselves—bishops against rulers, and church against church. St. Joseph found a hot-bed of controversy. The discussion centered around image-worship. Some Christians demanded the holy pictures (Icons) and some of the bishops forbade their use.

The Emperor Theophilus, who would not be out-done in any argument, formed a plan to quench their quarrels. He invited the monks to "come and talk the images over with him." They did so, and when they out-argued him, he was furious and whipped them severely. The biggest talkers he ordered to be branded on their hands "A painter of Holy Pictures." The unhappy monks were banished, bearing with them the marks of the Emperor's anger. St. Joseph fled the country.

This was a sad and cruel time for St. Joseph, for he was captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Crete. Then came his return—after long years—to Constantinople. Theophilus was now dead (842) and his wife Theodora reigned in his stead.

St. Joseph was taken into favor and given a high mark of the royal esteem. The monks returned. The new Patriarch, the Empress and the court repaired to the Cathedral of St. Sophia. Images were once more restored, to the delight of the monks, for they were the chief artists and illuminators of these icons.

The very beautiful hymn, written by St. Joseph about 850 A.D. for one of the Holy Days of that period, was translated by the great translator, John M. Neale. Its beauty of expression reaches a climax in the fourth verse.

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day
Raise the 'Trisagion'* ever and aye,

* Thrice holy.

These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
 Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne,
 These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
 Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
 Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
 Where, with the Living ones, mystical four,
 Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

Then when the earth was first poised in mid space,
 Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
 Then, when were ended the six days employ,
 Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

Rev. Sir Henry William Baker, born at London, England, May 27, 1821, was the son of a sailor, vice-admiral Sir Henry Loraine Baker, Bart.

Young Henry was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and took Holy Orders soon after graduating. After serving curacies for seven years, he was appointed Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, England. Here he lived until he died in 1877.

He was very fond of hymnology; and when the time came for the publication of a new hymn book, Henry Baker was the chief leader in publishing "Hymns Ancient and Modern." He contributed at least half a dozen of the new hymns, together with translations of early Latin verse.

At the age of thirty-eight his father died, and he succeeded to the title and estates. He never married, holding true to his ideal of celibacy for the clergy. One of his most popular works was a book entitled "Family Prayers for the Use of Those Who Have to Work Hard."

William Baker was quite unlike his father, the sturdy admiral who ploughed the seas during the anxious years

of the threatened invasion of England's shore by Napoleon Bonaparte. His biographers say that William Baker possessed "a tender sadness brightened by a soft calm peace which echoed in his poetical life." When he lay dying, the last words that lingered on his lips were those of his own lovely verse taken from Psalm 23—"And on his shoulder gently laid, and home rejoicing brought me."

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise,
Within Thy house forever.

THE LORD IS KING; LIFT UP THY VOICE

Josiah Conder was born in Aldersgate, London, 1789. His father had a flourishing engraving business and a bookshop as well.

When Josiah was fifteen or thereabouts, he went into his father's shop as an assistant. Here he was very happy.

Between times he found opportunity to write poetry and stories, illustrating his characters as he went along.

At seventeen Conder made the acquaintance of two literary women of the day—Ann and Jane Taylor. During the next three years Josiah often consulted the “clever Taylors,” as he called them, on his work. After a little while, Conder and the Taylors opened a publishing house—Josiah Conder’s first book of poems was published, entitled, “The Associate Minstrel.” This brought him some fame and an appreciation by the poet Southey.

Josiah Conder worked extremely hard all his life. Few authors were more prolific. He owned a newspaper, “The Patriot,” and was editor of “The Electric Review” as well as numerous hymn books, “Devout Meditations,” etc.

One evening, when he was thirty-five, he had read the 97th Psalm:

“The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof; yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.

“Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.

“There shall go a fire before him; and burn up his enemies on every side.”

These great words inspired him to seize his pen, and there and then to write down this hymn. Conder was the editor of the first hymnbook of the Congregational Union, entitled “The Congregational Hymn Book.” He also wrote a supplement to Dr. Watts’ “Psalms and Hymns.”

The Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare,
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains,
Your God is King, your Father reigns!
And He is at the Father's side,
The man of love, the crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne,
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie,
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And then the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

THE RADIANT MORN HATH PASSED AWAY

Godfrey Thring came of a distinguished literary family. He was a Somersetshire man, born at Alford rectory, 1823, where his father was rector.

After school at Shrewsbury, he went on to Balliol College, Oxford. On graduating, he took Holy Orders and became curate of the parish of Stratfield-Turgis. At the age of thirty-five he was appointed Rector of the place of his childhood, Alford with Hornblotton, where for some generations a Thring had been rector.

Godfrey Thring was a poet and a great hymn lover. He deplored that the Anglican church was so divided in its published hymnbooks and determined to do something about it.

He brought out "Hymns Congregational and Others" and "Hymns and Verses," and some years later "Hymns and Sacred Lyrics." Godfrey Thring's last hymnbook was "The Church of England Hymn-Book." Perhaps one of the most widely known of his hymns is "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away." Another well-loved one commences "Fierce Raged the Tempest o'er the Deep," and all of his hymns are widely known.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

Where light, and life, and joy and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

THEE WILL I LOVE

It was John Wesley who published the first hymnbook for the American people, 1735. Accompanied by his brother Charles, he crossed to America on an important mission for the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel. (Georgia).

After a three-year visit, the brothers returned to England. They had a narrow escape on the voyage home again—their ship nearly foundered in an Atlantic storm. A few weeks later came the turning point in John Wesley's career.

John went to the May meeting of the Society in Aldersgate St., London. He relates how he "felt his heart strangely warmed," and from that moment his entire outlook was changed. Now no time must be lost in spreading the Gospel of Christ.

Urged on by the Spirit within him, he preached to groups of people in the open air—something unknown before—until England was ringing with the new evangelism.

Church pulpits were closed to him, for which he was extremely sorry. Wesley loved the Established Church. He revered the church order of worship. His one thought was to stir up the lethargy of the people. When the church would have none of him, he took to the missionary field of the great outdoors.

No one can ever count the good that John Wesley accomplished in an age of clerical decadence. So great was his personality that thousands gathered to hear him. John Wesley was not an original hymn-writer, but a translator. It was his habit to write books, translations, grammars, classics, all on horseback, while jogging along the country roads and leaving the horse to his own gait.

John was thirty-six when he translated this fine hymn of Rev. J. Scheffler from the German.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all Thy works; and Thee alone.
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
 To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to Thee did turn,

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN

"The Christian Year," the great work of John Keble, was published when he was thirty-five. We learn that it ran into ninety-six editions before its author died in 1866.

A son of the Vicar of Coln St., Aldywn, he was educated by his father until he reached fourteen. Then he was sent to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career and gained a Fellowship at Oriel before he was twenty.

Keble made many friends at Oxford in spite of his innate shyness. Dr. Arnold, afterwards the great headmaster at Rugby, was one. John Henry Newman, Faber, and the great classical scholar John Mason Neale all shared with Keble a love of hymn-writing. Keble became professor of poetry at Oxford. He resigned his work at the university to take over a curacy for his father . . . and for thirteen years he was the mainstay of the parish, working voluntarily.

During this time Keble wrote "The Christian Year." It was a labor of love. On the title page he wrote "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Dr. Arnold commented "Nothing equal to these poems exists in our language." After much persuasion, Keble consented to have that book published.

His father having died in 1835, he succeeded to the vicarage of Hursley (about six miles from Winchester). The same year he married the sister of his brother's wife. They lived at Hursley Vicarage for the next thirty years. At the age of seventy-four John Keble died, having been paralyzed for two years before his death.

His beautiful hymns are unique in our language. Who does not know "Sun of My Soul," "When God of Old," and "Blest are the Pure in Heart"? The following hymn for the marriage service was composed in 1857 and was used at Hursley church for the first time. Very soon no fashionable wedding was complete without the familiar:

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away;

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian Man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break;

Be present, holiest Spirit
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

John Addington Symonds was born at Bristol, 1840. After school at Harrow, where he showed remarkable scholarship, he went on to Balliol College, Oxford. Here he won high distinction in the schools. He became a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

During the course of his career, both at school and at Oxford, he had overtaxed his strength. Ill health was now his portion. He resigned his much loved work at Oxford and retired to the quiet of the sea. Eventually he went to live in Switzerland, and his villa at Davos Platz became a happy rendezvous for his many friends.

In the beautiful surroundings of the mountains, his health improved much. But tuberculosis always shadowed him. However, his brilliant mind was employed in literary work, and he was happy. He published a number of books which were held in high esteem. Amongst his works

were "Renaissance in Italy" (half-a-dozen volumes) and many translations of the great masters.

In the year 1893, whilst paying a visit to Rome, he caught a chill from which his fragile constitution could not rally. He died there at the early age of fifty-three.

The hymn given is part of a longer poem which was published thirteen years before his death and seems to be prophetic. It was entitled "The Vista in New and Old."

These things shall be; a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise;
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb,
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God,
In bonds of firm necessity.

TO THEE, OUR GOD, WE FLY

William Walsham How was born at Shrewsbury, 1823. His father was a solicitor in practice in that city. In due course he went to the noted Shrewsbury school, thence to Wadham College, Oxford. He took Holy Orders in 1846

and was appointed, in succession, curate at Kidderminster, and at Holy Cross, Shrewsbury. Then he was rector at Whittington (1851), rural Dean of Oswestry (Wales), Hon. Canon of St. Asaph (1860), rector of St. Andrews Under-Shaft (church under the maypole, or shaft), and finally Bishop of Wakefield, Yorkshire.

Bishop How came to be known as "the people's bishop." He had not a vestige of worldliness in him; of material possessions he took no thought. It was well known that he had refused rich preferments, without even mentioning to his wife that they had been offered! His one thought was to work for the people. He followed a strict method in his daily life—often saying "There is so much to be done; a wasted minute is a lost jewel."

He loved to mix with every-day folk, and nothing pleased him more than to go for a ride on top of the old-fashioned horse omnibus, chatting to all and sundry. People loved his genial manner. They found in him their ideal of what a parson should be. Being a great admirer of St. Bernard (who wrote the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden") he had engraved in Latin on his pastoral staff one of the sayings of this saint: "Feed with the Word, Feed with the Life."

Bishop How's hymns are all written for the modern age. They at once captured the hearts of the hymn loving public, for who could forget the hymns "O Jesu, Thou Art Standing," and "For All the Saints Who From Their Labors Rest," which are woven into the lives of all people who sing them?

The following hymn was written when Bishop How was forty-eight. It particularly fills today's need.

To Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our native land.

Thy best gifts from on high
 In rich abundance pour,
 That we may magnify
 And praise Thee more and more.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our native land.

The church of Thy dear Son
 Inflame with love's pure fire;
 Bind her once more in one,
 And life and truth inspire.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our native land.

The powers ordained by Thee
 With heavenly wisdom bless;
 May they Thy servants be,
 And rule in righteousness.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our native land.

Give peace, Lord, in our time;
 O let no foe draw nigh,
 Nor lawless deed of crime,
 Insult Thy Majesty.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our native land.

THOU ART COMING, O MY SAVIOUR

Frances Ridley Havergal was born in 1836 at the Rectory of Astley, Worcestershire, where her father was Rector. As a child she was delicate, and indeed her constitution never became robust. When a mere child of seven she wrote creditable poetry, and early in her teens her verses were published in "Good Words."

She says herself that from the age of fourteen her heart was full of joy in serving the Master, which was a favorite expression peculiarly her own. Let us meet her in the month of October (1878) when she had gone with members of her family for a holiday to Caswall Bay, Swansea, South Wales.

During her stay there she developed a very severe cold which she failed to shake off. Inflammation of the lungs

soon followed. When her sister told her that her life was in danger, she exclaimed "If I am really going, it is too good to be true." And then she whispered "Splendid to be so near the Gate of Heaven!" Her family relates how "toward the last she sang clearly but faintly: 'Jesus I will trust thee,' to 'Hermas,' one of her own tunes."

"And," says her sister, "she looked up steadfastly, as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face . . . For ten minutes we watched that almost invisible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him! Then she tried to sing; but after one sweet high note her voice failed; and as her brother commended her soul into the Redeemer's hands she passed away."

It was a beautiful June day (3rd, 1879) when her mortal body was laid in the pleasant churchyard of Astley, where over the soft sod her feet in childhood had so often passed. She left a request for the following text to be carved on her tombstone: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming; in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming;—O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee,
All our hearts could never say
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet,
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

Thou art coming; at Thy table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss,
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming; we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing;
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with one accord!
 Thee my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned.
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored and owned!

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE

The Rev. Edward S. Ufford lived at the Baptist parsonage of the little known out-of-the-world hamlet of Westwood, some three miles from Boston. Not so very far away was the sea, and when the tide was out there could be plainly seen the remains of an old wreck which had become fast in the sand of the seashore.

The story of how this hymn came to be written may be related in the words which the author himself penned. "As I trod the shore on summer days my imagination strove to picture what the storm did on the fateful night when it tossed the craft ashore, where it was soon dashed to pieces in the gale. While my heart was thus yearning for an effective interposition, a thought came to me—'why not

hold an open-air meeting in the village next Sunday afternoon and warn all who might pass by of these dangers?" This was in the fall of 1886. I carried my small organ out into the square and began to sing. There soon gathered around me a group of listeners. On returning home, the imagery of the sea came before me. In my mental eye I could see a storm, a spar, a shipwrecked sailor drifting out beyond human reach, where he might sink. Taking a sheet of paper, I wrote the four verses of the hymn in fifteen minutes. They came as if by inspiration. Then sitting down to my little instrument, I played a melody without mental effort, apparently, and so the song was born."

It is of interest to note that when E. S. Ufford visited Honolulu and Hawaii in 1902, through the Christian Endeavor Movement, that he had the unusual experience of hearing these congregations sing this hymn in their native tongue.

Throw out the life-line across the dark wave!

There is a brother whom someone must save!

Somebody's brother! Oh, who then will dare

To throw out the life-line, his perils to share?

Throw out the life-line! throw out the life-line!

Someone is drifting away.

Throw out the life-line! throw out the life-line!

Someone is sinking today.

Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong!

Why do you tarry, why linger so long?

See! he is sinking; Oh, hasten today,

And out with the life-boat! Away then, away!

Throw out the life-line! throw out the life-line!

Someone is drifting away.

Throw out the life-line! throw out the life-line!

Someone is sinking today.

THY WILL BE DONE,

Charlotte Elliott was born at Clapham, a suburb of London, (1789), where lay her father's parish. She came of a literary and clerical family, for not only was her

grandfather (Rev. Henry Venn) a notable author, but her clergyman brother was also a man of letters.

Charlotte Elliott related that "She had never thought seriously of being a Christian until she was thirty-two." At that time she had a very severe illness; and although she recovered, she was practically an invalid for the rest of her eighty-two years.

The great turning point in her Christian career was during the visit of the Swiss Evangelist, Ce'sar Madan, to her father's rectory. After one of her talks with him, in which he had considerably impressed her, she asked him "how she might find Christ." He replied, "Come to Him just as you are." From then on she was at peace within.

She now turned her thoughts to hymn-writing. In 1834 she had gathered enough of her poems to be published. They were brought out under the heading "The Invalid's Hymn Book." It was in this book that her beautiful hymn beginning "My God, My Father, While I Stray," first appeared. The lines were written for her own great need. She was often racked with pain, which made her irritable. She rebelled at her own hard fate of having to be a shut-in invalid. She sought resignation. The immortal lines were penned from her own heart.

The author's brother, Henry Venn Elliott, who was the rector of a Brighton church, edited her "Psalms and Hymns" (1835). It was in this book that another famous hymn appeared, the first line being "Just as I am, without one plea." Mr. Elliott says "In the course of a long ministry, I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors; but I feel far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
"Thy Will be done."

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy Will be done."

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine.
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy Will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
Thy Will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy Will be done."

WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

Dr. Frank Mason North was born in 1850. It was during Frank North's college days at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, that he made up his mind to devote his life to city ministry, and it was in the great city of New York that he had spent his boyhood days and learned the inside story of many a tragedy.

Strangely enough, the hurrying crowds fascinated him. One of his first charges was held at the Methodist Episcopal church in the great metropolis. It was often said that Frank North was so well acquainted with the city that he could walk the streets blindfolded.

Dr. North was a very earnest worker for the Kingdom of God on earth. The underprivileged dwellers in the slums appealed to his heart. Here he discovered all types. And hidden deep down within them he often found pure gold—beauty of soul hidden in the deep shadows of want.

Naturally he came upon ugliness also, many vices, and much sorrow and distress.

The story goes that one day (then being about fifty-three years old) when returning to his home through the crowded streets, he stood at the road-crossing, waiting to cross over. The often experienced fascination of crowds seized him. He stood to watch as the rich, the poor, workmen, children, all passed by. The words of this hymn formed in his mind, and on reaching home he wrote the verses.

Dr. North died in 1935 at the age of eighty-five.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need
On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide;
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God.

WHEN ALL MY LABORS AND TRIALS ARE O'ER

As generations come and go, new writers of hymns are born. You may remember how the "Glory Song" took the world by storm in the year 1900. It was composed by Charles H. Gabriel, born in Iowa in 1856, who is reported

to have been a prolific writer of songs and music. Some of these are: "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never," "Awakening Chorus," "Evening Prayer." Gabriel was proud of being a natural musician and of never having had a music lesson. But, brought up as he was in the pioneer days of the rolling prairies, the howl of the wolves, the whistle of the shrill wind of winter, the voice of nature in spring and summer, all were music to his ears.

Writing to a friend he relates: "I never saw a musical instrument in my life until I was nine years old, and to this day I couldn't tell the name of that one, as nothing like it has ever come under my observation since. For use it was placed upon the table, as a dulcimer. It had bellows which the performer pumped with his left elbow, while with the fingers of both hands he played keys something like those of a concertina.

"I rode ten miles to see the next musical instrument, which was a sort of melodian—and no music since then has sounded to me more divine. I heard it as I ploughed the field, it sang in my ears as I did my 'chores,' and in my dreams it floated over the hills of weariness down into the valley of rest, where I lay asleep."

Relating how this hymn was composed, Charles H. Gabriel said, "It was due to the inspiration given to me by an old man I knew at the local prayer meeting, who, when at prayer, constantly ejaculated 'Glory,' and often with earnestness and charm, 'Oh, Glory.'"

"When I went home one evening," Mr. Gabriel continues, "I wrote it right off." It has been translated into more than a score of languages and dialects, and is reported to have sold more than a hundred million copies. The man "Old Glory Face" sang it himself before he died, and had the pleasure of knowing that he had been its inspiration.

When all my labors and trials are o'er
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.
O that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, Glory for me,
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

When, by the gift of His infinite grace,
 I am accorded in heaven a place,
 Just to be there and to look on His face
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.
 O that will be glory for me,
 Glory for me, Glory for me,
 When by His grace I shall look on His face,
 That will be glory, be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
 Joy like a river around me will flow;
 Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.
 O that will be glory for me,
 Glory for me, Glory for me,
 When by His grace I shall look on His face,
 That will be glory, be glory for me.

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WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD

Joseph Addison was the son of the rector of Milstrom, Wiltshire. He was born May 1, 1672. He was, of course, a well-known figure in the literary and political world in his day.

It was a great disappointment to his father, then Dean of Lichfield, that Joseph did not follow what had come to be a family tradition, and enter the church. However, Addison assured his reputation in another field. His fine essays have endured, and not only the essays, but also certain hymns which he wrote at the end of some of the essays. For instance, this hymn, which is well known in all denominations, followed an essay on "gratitude."

Addison was forty when this hymn was written. The time when he did his best work seems to have been when his political party was out of office and he was thrown, more or less, on his own resources, greatly to the benefit of English literature. The end of his literary career practically coincided with the death of Queen Anne in 1714. He was then forty-two, with but five more years to live.

Addison never forgot the beauty of one particular night at Lichfield, when his father was Dean. He had mounted to the roof where he could see the beauties of the whole landscape by full moon. In the distance was Stowe, the

beautiful home of the Duke of Buckingham. Dotted below was the Cathedral's historic lake, and the famous avenue of elms under whose shade flit the ghosts of Ben Johnson, David Garrick and others of the past. The moonlight cast a magic spell over all.

Suddenly, from an unseen source, came the most exquisite singing. So lovely were the strains that to the listener it seemed as though the angels sang. It was the choir practising for the Sunday Service.

Addison was comforted during his last days of sickness by his firm belief in the hereafter. His ashes were interred among the honored dead in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Now is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

In the year 1874 a big passenger steamer, the "Ville de Havre," was well on her way to Europe. She was laden with passengers, among whom were many children going over to the Old Land with their parents. There was a

family from Chicago on board—Mrs. H. G. Spafford, and her four little daughters, Dorothy, Mary, Bunny and Baby May. The father, a Chicago lawyer, was too busy to go with them at the time, but intended to follow later.

Then one dreadful night the passengers were told that the ship was foundering and to prepare for the lifeboats. Mrs. Spafford and her little brood knelt on the deck in prayer, and almost immediately the ship began to sink. Mr. Sankey relates how this hymn was written:

"When Mr. Moody and I were holding meetings in Edinburgh, in 1874, we heard the sad news of the loss of the steamer 'Ville de Havre' on her return journey from America to France. On board were Mrs. Spafford and children. In mid-ocean a collision took place with a sailing vessel, causing the steamer to sink in half an hour. Nearly all on board were lost. Mrs. Spafford got her children out of their berths and up on deck. Being told the ship would soon sink, she knelt down with her children in prayer and asked God that they might be saved if possible, or made ready to die if it was His will. In a few minutes the vessel sank, and the children were lost. One of the sailors of the vessel, whom I afterwards met in Scotland, while rowing over the spot where the steamer had disappeared, discovered Mrs. Spafford floating in the water. He rescued her, and in ten days she was landed at Cardiff. From there she cabled to her husband the message 'Saved alone.' Mr. Spafford had the message framed and hung in his office. He started immediately for England to bring his wife back to Chicago. Mr. Moody left his meetings in Edinburgh and went to Liverpool to try to comfort the bereaved parents, and was greatly pleased that they were able to say 'It is well: the will of God be done.'"

Mr. Spafford wrote the hymn to commemorate his children's tragic death.

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well; it is well with my soul."

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

The Irish poet Nahum Tate was born in Dublin, 1652. His father, Faithful Teate—who changed the spelling of his name—was noted for having written a poem on the Trinity (“Ter Tria”). After attending Trinity College, Dublin, he gained his degree in 1672. We soon find him in London, England where he published a volume of poems at the age of twenty-five. He became a regular writer for the stage and caused a sensation in the theatres by adapting some of Shakespeare’s dramas to his own time.

Dryden was well on in years when he allowed Nahum Tate to help him in writing “Absalom and Achitophel.” In 1692 he was created Poet Laureate by James II, in succession to Shadwell. Tate will be remembered chiefly for the new version of the Psalms, written in conjunction with his friend, Dr. Nicholas Brady, which appeared in 1696, under a sanction of an Order-in-Council of William III “allowing and permitting its use in all such churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive it.”

In 1703 a supplement appeared which received the sanction of an Order-in-Council of Queen Anne, and contained several new versions of the Canticles and of the “Veni Creator.” In this supplement there was included a hymn for Christmas, ascribed to Tate. This hymn has now become so firmly associated with the services of Christmas Day that the festival is hardly complete without it.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down
 And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind);
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease."

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD

Phillip Doddridge, the beloved writer of many favorite hymns, like Francis Lyte, journeyed abroad in search of health and died on foreign soil. He usually wrote his hymns on slips of paper and handed copies to his congregation to sing.

At the time this particular hymn was written, Doddridge was taking his usual Sunday morning service in his Northampton chapel (1755). He was a very earnest reader and speaker, and took great pains to impress upon his hearers the meaning of the Scriptures.

It was an age when many people could neither read nor write, but Doddridge seems to have overcome all these difficulties in a novel manner. The lesson was read from

St. Luke 12:35-38, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately . . . and if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants."

Doddridge then described to his listeners in every-day terms exactly what these words meant. In fact, he composed—then and there—this hymn, a line at a time, which he asked the people to sing (to a well-known tune) as he gave out each stanza.

The modest chapel congregation at the time little thought that their young pastor's words would live for generations to come.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

CANADIAN CAROL

"The Cathedral of the Arctic" is the title of a charming booklet written by the Right Reverend A. L. Fleming, D. D., the first Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, who was known as the "flying Bishop."

History was made at Aklavik when the primate of the Anglican church in Canada—Most Reverend Derwyn T. Owen, D. D., D. C. L.—celebrated Holy Communion in the cathedral church, which he was about to dedicate on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1939, at 7 o'clock in the morning, at this most northerly outpost of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Some of the choir were Indians, others Eskimo. An Eskimo, bearing the banner of All Saints, led the choir. The Eskimo verger carried a beautiful wand of pure white polished narwhale ivory made by a native of Baffin Land. Two church wardens, one Eskimo, and one Indian, walked side by side—followed by the stately procession.

After the Bishop of the Arctic had preached the sermon, and the united thank-offering had been made, that wonderful hymn of Dean Alford of Canterbury, "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," was sung . . . The Primate pronounced the benediction.

During his recent visit to Winnipeg, Bishop Fleming paid glowing tribute to the late Archbishop Stringer, whose many years of work on Herschel Island laid the firm foundation of the present great work—120 miles north of the Arctic Circle, with its residential school for 98 boys and girls, its hospital and now its finely built cathedral, whose bell echoing across the frozen wastes reminds the hearers of the Great Master.

When the bell chimes in a different key, the Indian takes the trail to the church door. There is a separate service for Indian and for Eskimo.

The Canadian Carol (Northern Lights) came as an inspiration to the writer by the thought of this happy Christian brotherhood of the far north. Hugh Bancroft, the well-known composer organist of All Saints Church, Winni-

peg, contributed a special tune, and the completed work was handed to Bishop Fleming during his recent visit here.

The Bishop kindly accepted the gift, and expressed his pleasure at the link between the churches . . . Aklavik, at Christmas with a carol of its very own, to be sung at the Carol Service Festival by the white man, by the Eskimo and by the Loncheux Indian.

'Twas in the silent night He came,
'Neath stars of wondrous sight;
His heralds still His birth proclaim
Across the northern height.

The glistening snow, the gleaming light—
Each wait His signal clear;
The rainbow curtain glowing bright
Foretells that Christ is near.

The mystic rays of dazzling sheen—
An emblem of His might;
A mantle cast by Hands unseen
Across the northern night.

The glorious Vision steals along,
As angels' wings in flight;
And heavenly beauty blends in song,
For Christ is born tonight.